

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

N^o. 38.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BARCLAY STREET.....EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. O. PORTER.....TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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STANZAS

(After the manner of Herrick.)

BY MRS. C. BARON-WILSON.

Upon my cheek youth smiles no more,
No more with hope my pulses move,
For me, life's summer hours are o'er,
And yet—I love!

My brow is stamp'd with many a care,
Whose with'ring influence I prove;
Within my breast reigns cold Despair,
And yet—I love!

My heart is like a broken lute,
Whose strings no more to raptures move:
The voice of joy in me is mute,
And yet—I love!

I have no 'witching skill to charm,
No spell a kindred flame to move;
Powerless am I the heart to warm,
And yet—I love!

THE DESERTED WIFE TO HER SISTER.

Sister, a rapid year has fled,
Since, gay in childhood's pride,
Forth from my father's house I sped,
A glad triumphant bride;
I thought not then of ills to come,
Nor dreamed the time was nigh,
While I must seek my early home,
To suffer and to die.

The tears I shed to leave it then,
Were like the summer showers,
That, stealing o'er the thirsty glen,
Revive the drooping flowers;
But now they fall in bitter grief,
Like winter's driving rain,
Crushing the frail and blighted leaf
That ne'er can smile again.

An ear, sweet sister, pure as thine,
I may not ask to hear
The wrongs, the insults that were mine
Through that degrading year:
Suffice it, that deserted, spurned
By him who claimed my truth,
To the loved home I trembling turned
That sheltered me in youth.

Nor—though, unbidden may intrude
The sad regretful tear—
Doubt of my fervent gratitude
For all my blessings here;
The ark received in her distress
The poor desponding dove,—
I met a father's kind caress,
A mother's gentle love.

And thou, sweet sister!—words are vain
Thy tender faith to show;
Thou can'st forsake the mirthful train,
To soothe my daily woe;
Nor do thy cares in darkness cease;
Ever, with noiseless tread,
Thou com'st to whisper sounds of peace
Around my sleepless bed.

Soon shall thy task of love be o'er;
And when thy thralldom ends,
Thou may'st rejoin, in smiles once more,
Thy kindred and thy friends;

Yet, sister, hear my words of truth,
In life's last sad decline,
Fain would I guide thy trusting youth
From miseries like mine.

I mourned my lover's erring life—
I knew him light—profane—

Yet deemed the fond, devoted wife
His changeless faith might gain;

Of intellect and beauty proud,
I little feared to see

A trivial and delusive crowd
Preferred to love and me.

Untaught of God, unused to prayer,
I yet aspired to win

A victim from the subtle snare
Of soul-destroying sin.

Thou know'st the rest—oh, sister, shun
The madness I deplore!

Nor deem thou canst be loved by one
Who loves not virtue more.

Still o'er the wanderer watchful prove,
Still pray his sins may cease;

But, sister, give him not thy love,
Nor trust him with thy peace;—

No—bid him humbly kneel and weep
To One who rules the sod;

He cannot faith with woman keep,
Who holds no faith with God.

MATRIMONY.

A TALE.

By the Countess of Blessington.

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shock,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin:
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Break into floods, that part for ever."

LALLA ROOKH.

"We had a very agreeable party to-day, and the Merringtons are really pleasant people. Their *chef* is a good *artiste*, and they always manage to draw around them people who suit each other," said Lord Henry Fitzhardinge to his young and fair wife, as they drove from Lord Merrington's mansion in Grosvenor-square.

Lord Henry Fitzhardinge, be it known to our readers, was just six weeks married; and the said six weeks had been passed in a sojourn at the lakes, where a picturesque dwelling on the banks of Windermere, had enabled the newly-wedded pair to enjoy all the privacy so much desired during the early days of marriage. This dinner at Lord Merrington's had been the first accepted engagement since their arrival in London, a few days before, and consequently was the first interruption to the *tele-a-tete* repasts to which they had lately been accustomed.

"But you are silent, Emily," resumed he, "did you not think the party an agreeable one?"

"Not particularly so," replied the lady.

"I wonder at that," rejoined Lord Henry, "for you sat next the Marquis of Allerton, who is considered a remarkably pleasant man."

"I am rarely delighted with utter strangers, I confess," resumed Lady Emily; "but this is an old-fashioned peculiarity from which you seem to be exempt."

"*Delighted* is a strong expression, Emily, particularly as applied to utter strangers! But now do, like a dear, good girl, tell me what has gone wrong?"

So saying, he drew his wife tenderly towards his side, and stooped to impress a kiss on her delicate cheek.—Lady Emily shrank from his embrace, and turned her head in an opposite direction, a movement that excited the first symptom approaching to displeasure that she had ever caused in the mind of her husband.

Unwilling to indulge in this growing dissatisfaction towards his fair young wife, Lord Henry again addressed her, saying, "Pray, my sweet love, leave off this child's-play, and tell me why you are out of humour!"

"Out of humour!" reiterated the lady; "well, if you designate unhappiness by the epithet of ill-humour, I had better conceal my feelings altogether."

It was now Lord Henry's turn to echo the words of his wife.

"Unhappiness!" repeated he; "why Emily, you really surprise, as well as mortify me. In Heaven's name, what cause for unhappiness can you have?"

By the light of the carriage-lamp, he now saw an embroidered handkerchief applied to the eyes of his wife, and plainly heard the rising sobs, that heaved the shawl which covered her beautiful bust. Again he wound his arm fondly round her symmetrical waist, and whispered,

"Emily, my own Emily, why do you weep? Indeed, you alarm and distress me."

At this moment, the carriage stopped at the door of their mansion in Belgrave-square, which being thrown open, showed the well-lighted vestibule in which were ranged some half-dozen liveried domestics, headed by the *maitre d'hotel* and groom of the chambers, formally drawn up to receive their lord and lady. Each and all of the inquisitorial band stole furtive glances at the face of Lady Emily, on which the traces of recent tears were but too visible.

She thought not of the prying eyes that marked her sadness, being engrossed wholly by the feelings that occupied her mind. Not so, however, Lord Henry: he observed that the attention of his servants was awakened, and experienced additional dissatisfaction from his apprehension of the comments they were likely to make on their lady's evident emotion.

He offered his arm to assist her to ascend the stairs; but she affected not to see that he did so, and held by the balustrade. The groom of the chambers, who preceded them, had no sooner thrown open the door of her ladyship's dressing-room, than Lady Emily hastily rang the bell of her *femme de chambre*; thus precluding the explanation which her mortified lord anxiously sought. The lady sank into a *bergère*, and gave free course to the tears suppressed while ascending to her room; and just as she was sullenly repelling the attempt of Lord Henry to wipe them from her cheek, Marabout her attendant entered.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* vat miladi ail, miladi is eel, *n'est-ce-pas?* Vill I send for de doctors, de apotecaries, and every body?"

So saying, the bustling Frenchwoman ran to the toilet-table, and seized a flagon of *eau d'Hongrie*, which she held towards the nostrils of her weeping mistress.

"O miladi ave de asteriks; I see vell someting make miladi eel, or somebody vex her."

And this discreet conjecture, was followed by a suspicious glance towards Lord Henry, who was affectionately holding the little white hand, on the delicate fingers of which, he had placed the nuptial ring but six fleeting weeks before.

As he looked on the flushed cheeks, down which the tears were streaming from red eyes, he could hardly fancy that the being before him was the lovely creature whom, only a few hours previously, he led forth beaming with health and gaiety; and it must be confessed the change in her appearance, excited more ill-humour than pity in his heart; for candour compels us to declare that, *malgré* all the poets who have prated about the attraction of beauty in tears, we have never yet seen a single illustration in proof of their assertions on this point, nor met a single husband who did not shrink in distaste from the exhibition.

"What can be the matter with her?" thought Lord Henry. "This is a pleasant commencement of the conjugal scenes that Mortimer used to describe! Well, I thought Emily was exempt from such a folly; but all women it seems are alike."

Though these unpleasant thoughts passed through his mind, he nevertheless checked the oppressive attentions of the bustling Marabout, poured out a glass of water, which he held to the swollen lips of his wife, and applied some *eau d'Hongrie* to her flushed and throbbing forehead.

During these operations, Marabout, deeply mortified, remarked with the acuteness peculiar to her class, and a satisfaction caused by her ill-will towards Lord Henry, for having repulsed her troublesome *pepits soins*, that her lady evinced a very unusual coldness towards her liege lord.

"Aha!" thought the *soubrette*, "de moon of oney is over; she cry, he look cross; she not say one vord of all de loaf she say to him at oder time—*tant mieux*, dey make me vexed vid deir too much loaf."

Lord Henry, finding that his presence afforded no relief to the inexplicable chagrin of his wife, at length withdrew to his dressing-room; and, truth to say, never before felt so little impatient to rejoin her. He passed in review all that had occurred at dinner and during the *soiree* at Lord Merrington's; but could discover no cause for the tears he had witnessed. They must have consequently proceeded from ill-humour; yet Emily had been so sweet-tempered ever since their marriage, that he could hardly bring himself to think that without any provocation she could be thus unreasonable. At length, his *toilette de nuit* completed (and he had taken more than thrice the ordinary time employed for the operation), he sought the dressing-room of his wife. Though prepared for bed, she had not dismissed Marabout, who stood beside her chair with a mingled look of consternation and pity, as if her lady was in imminent danger.

"Milor, madame is so eel, dat I tink it be very proper to send for one or two doctors."

"Do, for Heaven's sake, speak, Emily!" said Lord Henry; "are you ill?"

"I shall be better by and by," sobbed the lady; "but do not speak to me, I cannot bear it, indeed I cannot," and here she wept anew.

"You may go, Marabout," said Lord Henry.

"*Mais milor, si miladi—*"

"Go," repeated Lord Henry, impatiently, "your presence is not required."

The *femme de chambre* having withdrawn, Lord Henry once more entreated his wife to acquaint him with the cause of her tears.

"Do not ask me, Henry, I'll try to forget it; but indeed I have been so wounded, so—wretched, that—," and a fresh burst of tears interrupted the completion of the sentence.

"But you really must tell me, Emily; why should you have any concealment from me?"

"How strange, how unfeeling, Henry, that you *should* not have guessed! Ah! this proves that there is little of that sympathy between us, that I foolishly fancied existed."

"Well, I assure you, Emily, however unfeeling it may appear, I cannot even imagine what has distressed you; and as it is growing late, and you have occasion for repose, I entreat you will at once tell me?"

"Can it indeed be possible, Henry, that you were not aware that my agitation proceeded from the attentions, ay, the *marked* attentions you lavished on that odious Lady Allerton, all the time of dinner?"

"*Marked* attentions, Emily! Why I swear, that nothing more than the ordinary politeness expected from every man towards the woman he sits by at dinner, was paid by me."

"Oh! Henry, how *can* you say so? when you know you talked to her all the time; yes, and you laughed with her too, when she was speaking of some book that *she* had read, and that you had read, but of which I don't know a page; and you were both so much amused at finding your tastes agreed, that neither of you seemed to think of any one else at table. Oh! she is an odious flirt, and I never shall like her, that I shan't, and so I let her see, when she said she would call on me."

"Good Heavens, Emily! is it possible that you can have been so absurd, as to offend a person, who is, in every respect, so desirable an acquaintance—a woman, universally considered to be one of the most *distinguée* in England?"

"And you, Henry, is it possible that you have the courage openly to display your *entichement* for her, *even* to my face? This is too cruel!" and here the tears of Lady Emily flowed afresh.

"You really provoke me, Emily; how can you be so foolish as to imagine for a moment, that an idea of paying any thing more than common politeness to Lady Allerton, ever entered my head?"

"Do you call it nothing more than common politeness, to look in her face each time you addressed her, or that she spoke to you? to offer to pour out water for her with such a softness of manner, as if it were me to whom you were speaking! *me*, whom you have a thousand times sworn that you adore. And all this attention to a person whom you have never seen above half-a-dozen times in your life!"

"Who ever heard of such folly! Emily, Emily, I never expected such absurd weakness from you! What is there more ill-bred, than to avert the eyes from the person with whom one converses? And really as to offering water in a soft tone of voice, I cannot help laughing at such a charge. I cannot conceive any one, with the pretensions to gentleman-like manner, addressing a woman in any other than a gentle tone."

"There is a vast difference in the modes of looking at, or speaking to people, Henry, and you know it as well as I do, you positively looked with tenderness on that odious woman whom I shall always hate, and only occasionally glanced towards me; with a provoking smile, too, as if it was quite natural that *she* should be the principal object of your attention at table. I could not swallow a morsel, and felt ready every moment to burst into tears; while that tiresome husband of hers, kept boring me with his officious civilities, instead of checking the disgusting levity of his coquettish wife, which he ought to be ashamed to permit."

"What injustice and absurdity! Lady Allerton accused of being a coquette, and guilty of levity! Never was there a charge so wholly unfounded."

"Oh! I see, Lord Henry, you cannot bear to have the least fault found with her. You would have all the world think her as perfect as you do."

"I perceive, Lady Emily, it is useless to persist in my endeavours to pacify your ridiculous suspicions, and therefore I shall abstain from any further explanation."

"You adopt the general mode used by those who cannot justify their conduct. But I am a fool to suffer from your unkindness. I should, like you, forget that I am married, and think only of the person who happens to sit next me; and if I loved you as little as you do me, this would be an easy task; but I—I—," and sobs choked her utterance.

This avowal of love awakened the tenderness of Lord Henry, which, truth to own, had been slumbering during the discussion, sent to sleep by the ruefully-changed aspect of his wife, and this first display of unfounded jealousy. He threw his arms fondly around her, swore that no woman on earth could fascinate his eyes but her; and that he did violence to his inclinations, by showing even the ordinary attentions of society to another.

His appeased wife once more smiled and lavished on him all the touching demonstrations of tenderness, which are the consolations for the quarrels of married lovers, during the first year of wedlock, before the frequency of domestic jars has impaired the delicate bloom of affection which, like that on the peach, constitutes one of its chief attractions, and which, when once destroyed, can never be restored.

Strange to say, when Lord Henry and Lady Emily sat at breakfast next morning, and that he looked on her beautiful face, the recollection of its changed aspect the night before, came back to him with a painful emotion; and as he wondered how aught so fair and gentle could have been so angry and disfigured, he breathed a prayer that he might not often be condemned to behold her countenance as it then appeared. Desirous of preventing the recurrence of scenes similar to that of the previous night, he entered into an explanation of the conduct expected in general society; and hinted that any deviation from established usages, on his part, would expose them to ridicule.

"You do not mean to say," asked Lady Emily, "that men are expected to make love to every flirt to whom they may sit next?"

"Really, Emily, you are very provoking, thus to confound ordinary civilities with those attentions peculiar to affection."

"And you, Henry, are more than provoking, in employing this sophistry to impose on my inexperience."

With a patience, the exercise of which was very new to Lord Henry, and a tact not generally possessed, he endeavoured to explain the attentions every man was expected to pay to the lady by whom he happened

to be placed; and urged that any omission of them would be deemed a solecism in good breeding. Lady Emily listened with sundry symptoms of impatience, while her *caro sposo* touched on those points, and interrupted him by declaring that *she* never could become used to see him paying attention to any woman but herself.

"Let me entreat you, Emily, unless you wish to render us objects of ridicule to all our acquaintance, to conquer these unreasonable fancies, and learn to draw a line of distinction between the civilities which all men are obliged to offer to women in society, and those that are prompted by a decided preference. To have you named as a jealous wife, would be painful and humiliating to me; and better would it be to abandon society altogether, than to subject ourselves to the mockery that always awaits those who expose their weaknesses."

"But can you heed what a whole set of people, about whom we care nothing, may think?" asked Lady Emily. "One wish of yours, dearest Henry, is of more importance to me, than the opinion of the whole world united! Why should not my wishes have an equal influence with you?"

"Explain those wishes, Emily, that I may distinctly comprehend them; for at present, I confess I do not quite understand your meaning."

"Well, then, my beloved, when we are obliged to go into society, or receive at home, I would wish you, when compelled to speak to other women, never to look at them with those dear eyes, just as you do at me when we are alone; but while speaking to them, to look at me, and never to talk to them on any but the most commonplace and uninteresting topics: never to become animated during the conversation, and never to indulge in those soft and deep tones of voice, to which I cannot bear any woman's ear but mine should listen."

Lord Henry burst into a laugh, which he vainly endeavoured to suppress; but it found no echo from his wife.

"Would you not also wish me always, Emily, to select the ugliest and oldest women to sit next?"

"Unfortunately, Henry, as the stupid rules of precedence leave no choice, such an arrangement, however desirable it might be, is not practicable; but as the mode of gratifying my wishes, which I pointed out, is, I hope you will adopt it."

"Now imagine me, my own Emily, seated by a lady at dinner, while you are on the opposite side of the table. An *epergne* obstructs our eyes from encountering without an exertion; but, in order to satisfy you, I, while addressing a comment on the heat or cold of the day, the dulness of town, or the dust of the park, to my female neighbour, turn round like a machine on a chimney-top, to catch your glance, giving you the *preconcerted* look of tenderness, which, if observed by the guests around, would set them all laughing at us."

While uttering these words, Lord Henry enacted the gestures he described, so comically, that Lady Emily was forced to join in his mirth, and they separated for the morning, in perfect good-humour; but without having come to any definite understanding as to what Lady Emily could, or could not patiently bear.

In the street, Lord Henry encountered an old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Sydney, whom he had not seen for some time; and anxious to present him to Lady Emily, invited him to dine with them *en trio*. When he came home, to escort her on horseback, he mentioned the pleasure he anticipated in making his chosen friend known to her.

"Sydney is an excellent fellow, and I am sure you will like him if only on my account, for he is one of my dearest friends."

Lady Emily looked disconcerted, but said nothing.

"How is this, love?" asked her husband, "you do not seem pleased at my having asked Sydney to dinner."

"Why, to say the truth, I had anticipated so much happiness in a *tete-a-tete* with you, Henry, after that large, and dull party, yesterday, that I confess I am a little disappointed, however amiable your friend may be."

"He is a good-humoured, kind-hearted creature," resumed Lord Henry. "We travelled all over the continent together, lived in one house in London, while I was a *gargon*; and, in short, were for many years inseparable."

"Oh, yes! I remember you used to be continually praising him, and wondering whether he would like me," said the lady, with a countenance in which little symptoms of pleasure were visible.

"No, there you wrong me. I could not doubt whether he, whether every one, could resist liking my Emily; and I only hope she will like him; for I confess I should be annoyed, if my wife did not like the man I most esteem."

"I dare say we shall get on very well; only, as I have before told you, I am not given to take fancies to strangers."

Lord Henry felt hurt and mortified at the tone adopted by his wife on this occasion; and the reflection it induced led to a longer silence than usually occurred between them. Lady Emily was the first to break it.

"I suppose, Henry," said she, pettishly, "that your thoughts are so occupied by your friend, that you have none to bestow on your wife?"

"I was thinking, Emily, that I wished my wife evinced a more cordial feeling towards my friend."

Further private conversation was precluded by their being joined by two or three acquaintances, who left them not until they returned from their ride, when it was time to adjourn to dress for dinner.

When Mr. Sydney arrived, Lord Henry led him, with all the uncere- monious cordiality of a brother, to Lady Emily.

"Emily has heard me speak of you so often," said he, "that she feels as if you were as old friends as we are."

The formal courtesy, and the top of her gloved fingers which met Mr. Sydney's outstretched hand, ill accorded with this assertion; but Mr. Sydney, though somewhat checked in his friendly advances attributed the coldness of his reception to the youthful timidity of the fair creature before him, whose exquisite loveliness justified his friend's taste, and dis- posed Sydney to like her.

"I met Aubrey yesterday," said Mr. Sydney, "and never saw a man

so totally changed by wedlock as he is. He seemed afraid to show the pleasure he felt at meeting me, and positively shrank in dismay when I bantered him on some of our former joint follies. I have heard that when a man weds, it is deemed necessary for him to change his servants, but I was not aware he should change his friends. How strange, that marriage should produce such a metamorphosis! But this is one of the mysteries of that holy state, which a *gargon* never can comprehend. You, I see, my dear fellow, are unchanged: thanks, I suppose, to the amiability of Lady Emily."

Had Mr. Sydney not been exceedingly short-sighted, one glance at Lady Emily would have rendered him aware of the indiscretion he had committed; but unconscious of the change in her aspect, he continued to talk.

"How long it is, since we last met!" said Mr. Sydney, as soon as the servants having retired allowed a perfect freedom from constraint. "How frequently did I think of you at Rome and Naples, where we passed such pleasant days together!"

Lady Emily looked displeased; and her husband observing the expres- sion of her countenance, made an effort to turn the subject of conversation.

"I quite long to take Emily to Italy, and show her all our old haunts, Sydney," said he.

"Apropos of our old haunts," observed Mr. Sydney, "whom do you think I met at Albano, when I went there to seek a little fresh air, after having been half broiled by an unusually warm May at Rome? Can you guess?"

"I have not the most remote idea," replied Lord Henry, with a look of such perfect indifference, as indicated he had no curiosity on the subject.

"Well, then, I encountered the bewitching widow, as you used to call her, Mrs. Montagu Clifford, still in a state of single blessedness, though she had exhibited her white teeth, and sung her Spanish *letrillas* all over Italy. By the by, she made kind inquiries after you, though I suspect you hardly merited them."

Lady Emily's cheek grew red, and she gave a glance of anger at her husband, that brought the scene of jealousy of the previous night forcibly to his recollection. Again he endeavoured to direct the conversation to other topics; but his wife observing his effort, far from showing any sense of gratitude, denoted by her angry glances her suspicion that he dreaded some disagreeable disclosure from the loquacity of his friend. She rose to withdraw, and, though affectionately urged by Lord Henry to stay with them a little longer, left the room; saying, she doubted not that they would be glad to have a *tete-a-tete*, to talk over their agreeable reminis- cences of past times.

Lord Henry was ill at ease, as he marked the look of displeasure that clouded the countenance of his wife; and the anticipation of another scene of tears, sullenness, or reproaches, haunted his imagination so forcibly, that his friend at length struck by the air *distrain* with which he listened to him, proposed adjourning to the drawing-room.

Arrived there, they found that Lady Emily had retired to her apartment, leaving a message with the groom of the chambers that a bad headach obliged her to withdraw.

"I must quit you, Sydney, for a short time," said Lord Henry, looking not a little disconcerted, "to go and see Emily; she has not been well of late, and was suffering all the time of dinner."

He sought his wife's dressing-room, not as hitherto, with lover-like steps of impatience; but rather as a culprit who dreads a reproof, though he had no consciousness of having given offence. Few things can be more disagreeable, than this same anticipation of a lecture, or what is still worse, a cold, or sullen reception, from a beloved object whom one is anxious to please, yet who takes umbrage at trifles, and either resents the imagined offence by recrimination, silence, or tears. He felt an incipient dread of the time likely to elapse before he could return to his friend; the wearisome efforts to be employed to extract an avowal of the imagined grievance, the protracted chagrin of the grieved, and the necessarily pro- longed attempts to console.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he was almost tempted, *malgre* his sincere affection for his wife, to wish himself once more a bachelor, with all the comfortable independence and irresponsibility at- tached to the state of single blessedness. He entered the chamber with even more than usual gentleness; but ere he had crossed its threshold, a signal from the self important Marabout, indicated the necessity of a more stealthy pace.

"*Milor, miladi, est bien souffrante*, she have de megrin, de chagrin," whispered the *femme de chambre*, glancing reproaches all the time she spoke at Lord Henry; who felt a more than ordinary disinclination towards the attendant of his wife, on observing the air of impertinent confidence assumed by her on this occasion.

He approached the *lit de repose*, on which Lady Emily reclined, and seeing that she slept not, he ventured to hope that her indisposition was not of a serious nature.

"I am very poorly," said the lady; "my head aches dreadfully; but pray do not let me detain you from your friend."

"If you really are ill, Emily, can you imagine that I could leave you? The supposition is unkind."

A dead silence followed this remark, broken only by the frequent and deep sighs of Lady Emily.

"Had I not better immediately send for medical advice?" asked Lord Henry, affectionately, and he took her hand in his. "There is, however, no symptom of fever in this dear hand," said he, and he pressed it to his lips.

"You surely ought not to leave your friend alone any longer?" said Lady Emily, with an air that denoted her expectation that her husband would reply, "What are all the friends in the world to me, when you are indisposed?"

"I will just go to Sydney, send him away," resumed Lord Henry "and return to you immediately."

"No, really, I cannot permit you to sacrifice the pleasure of Mr. Syd- ney's society, in which it was previously quite evident you took such de- light," said the lady; "for you had neither eyes nor ears for any on

else during dinner; and remained so long with him after it, that I considered it not to be unlucky that my illness furnished an excuse for leaving you to enjoy your *tete-a-tete*."

"How can you be so unreasonable—so childish?" asked Lord Henry.

"I think Mr. Sydney might have had the tact to forbear repeating his reminiscences of your bachelor days, and your bewitching widow, in my presence at least," said Lady Emily; "for it cannot be agreeable to find the epithet bewitching, which I foolishly thought you had never applied to any one but me, has been lavished on a person who, judging even from the mode in which she was named, seems little better than a husband-hunting adventuress."

Lady Emily's cheeks flushed, and, her eyes sparkled with animation, if not anger, as she uttered this reproach.

"Good Heavens, Emily! how silly, how absurd, thus to take offence where not the slightest was meant to be offered! Do you suppose I could, without compromising our dignity, and leading my friend to believe that you were weak and unreasonable, like too many other women, make him understand that references to my bachelor days are interdicted? Would you not have cause to be offended, if I told him your foolish susceptibility on this point?"

"There could be no necessity for such a measure, Lord Henry, had you, as you ought to have done, explained to your obtuse friend, that you wished to forget all your past life, and to remember events only from the date of our affection."

"Sydney would laugh at me were I to confess any thing half so ridiculous," replied Lord Henry.

"Oh! if you attach more importance to Mr. Sydney's opinion than mine, I have nothing more to say," and a cambric handkerchief was applied to the tearful eyes of the lady.

"Emily, Emily, why will you thus trifle with our happiness? What would you have me do to satisfy you? A short time ago, I little doubted that I should ever be compelled to ask the mortifying question, for I believed you were satisfied—were happy. Tell me what are your wishes, for I cannot endure the repetition of scenes such as these."

"I wish," replied the lady, her accents broken by sobs, "that you would avoid all those odious people, with whom you lived before you knew me; and thus preclude the chance of my feelings being wounded by their indelicate reminiscences of a time when, as they would fain make me believe, you were gay, amused—nay, Henry—happy, without me; me, on whom you have said a thousand times within the last three blissful months, your happiness wholly and solely depended. I cannot, indeed I cannot, dear Henry, bear to hear them refer to your past life, when even the idea that you could live without me inflicts torture!"

There was so much tenderness in this sentiment, unreasonable as the wishes of her who uttered it were felt to be by her husband, that the displeasure which her exigence might have produced, was forgotten in the affection which it evinced; and still more softened by the appealing look of the dark, lustrous eyes, fondly fixed on his face, he pressed his lips on her fair brow, and called her his dear, his own Emily.

"I have quite forgotten poor Sydney, all this time," said Lord Henry, "I really must go to him."

"Oh! Henry, how can you think of any one but me? Heaven knows I never bestow a thought on any other human being than you; yet here, even in the moment that I am disposed to forget the chagrin of the last three hours—chagrin that has weighed more heavily on my spirits than I can express—you can remember this tiresome friend of yours, who has caused it all. No, I never shall, never can be happy, until you break asunder your odious bachelor friendships; forget all your previous life, and learn to think that you have only really, truly, lived since we have known each other."

Lord Henry felt a strong inclination to smile at this romantic notion of his wife, which however flattering it might be to his vanity, augured ill for his prospect of that good understanding, and freedom from constraint, which he thought such essential ingredients in the cup of conjugal felicity. But he conquered the disposition to laughter, looked as grave as he could, and having again pressed the delicate little hand, held out towards him in a reproving posture, left the room to join Sydney; preparing sundry relations of the illness of Lady Emily, as an apology for his protracted absence. Truth to say, he felt not a little abashed at the consciousness of the ridiculous figure he should make while detailing these same apologies to his friend.

"Pshaw!" muttered he, "a bachelor can never understand these sort of conjugal embarrassments; a brother Benedick would divine the whole thing in a moment."

On entering the library, he found it empty; and though relieved from the necessity of making false excuses, the thought that Sydney would be sure to go to his club, and account for his unusually early apparition there by detailing the sudden illness of his hostess, and the absence of his host, with his suspicion of the cause.

"I shall be an object of ridicule among the whole club," said he, and this presentiment tended not to smooth his brow, as with no inconsiderable portion of irritation, he again sought the dressing-room of his wife.

"How kind, dearest Henry, to have dismissed our tormentor, and to have returned to me so soon! How did you get rid of him?"

"He saved me all trouble on that point," replied Lord Henry, with a look that denoted any thing but satisfaction, "by taking himself off."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Lady Emily; "for I anticipated his staying at least half an hour. But you don't look as if you participated in my gladness, Henry! Can it be possible that you prefer his society to mine?"

"I confess, Emily, that I am annoyed at his going off without any explanation. Sydney can be sarcastic, and comic too, when he pleases: and his version of my uxoriousness given to our mutual friends at the club, could not fail to draw their quizzical animadversions on us both."

"And this is the man you call your friend, Henry? How unlike my notions of one!"

"Sydney, nevertheless, has proved himself a very sincere friend, on more than one occasion, Emily."

"Yet you believe that he would be capable of turning you into ridi-

cule at the club! This was not the sort of friendship that subsisted between dear Frances Lorimer and me. She would not, could not breathe a word to imply a censure on me. Ah! *ours* was indeed a true friendship! Did we not write to each other every day such long, long letters always cross-lined? Did we not dress in the same colours, wear bracelets of each other's hair, and rings in the same devices; dote on the same poetry, read the same works of fiction, like and dislike the same people?—and in short, assimilate ourselves in dress, sentiments, and pursuits, until each had lost her own identity in that of her friend? And yet, Henry, this friend I have neglected, nay, I have forgotten, in the all-engrossing affection you have created in my breast; while you can attach importance to the opinions of this Mr. Sydney, whom you admit to be capable of giving a sarcastic version of your attachment to your wife!"

"Your inexperience, Emily, unfits you for judging of mundane friendships. Those between men, are wholly different from the romantic, exaggerated, and unenduring delusions, named friendship, by girls in their teens, commenced in the school-room, and ended in the honey-moon."

"Mine for dear Frances ended not in the honey-moon; for was it not a sweet occupation, during the first days of our marriage, to write and tell her of my happiness?"

"But our honey-moon is scarcely yet over, Emily, and nevertheless, you confess that you have neglected, nay, forgotten your friend. Now, I wrote no exaggerated account of my conjugal bliss to Sydney, nor did he expect that I should. Yet our friendship has remained the same, ever since we left Eton together; and I confess I should be pained at its being diminished, or broken off, notwithstanding that I acknowledge my belief of his capability of quizzing my conjugal *faiblesse* to our mutual acquaintance at the club."

"Oh, Henry! it is so provoking to hear your worldly-minded sentiments on subjects so sacred as love and friendship!"

"Should you not rather say, Emily, that it is fortunate they are not more exalted; since, as you prohibit the indulgence of the latter, as being incompatible with the duties entailed by the former, an adherence to friendship would expose me to your displeasure?"

"You wilfully misunderstand me, Henry, indeed you do. No one attaches more value to friendship than I."

"Then why wish to wean me from Sydney?"

"Because he has no feeling, no sympathy, no tact."

"He is not generally accused of being deficient in these qualities, Emily, I assure you."

"And I persist, Henry, in thinking, that if he *really* possessed them, he would not, on the first day he was presented to your wife, refer in her presence to your bachelor days, and your bewitching widows; because none but an obtuse-minded man could be unconscious that a refined woman, fondly attached to her husband, could be otherwise than deeply pained at such reminiscences."

Neither parties were convinced by the arguments of the other: nay, more—each considered the other unreasonable. Mutual affection, however, operated as a soother, in their second matrimonial dissension, as effectually as it had done on their first; and like an April sun which quickly dries up the showers that preceded its appearance, soon banished every trace of discontent, and again all was love and peace. But brief was the duration of this halcyon state. A late night in the House of Commons, led to as angry a debate between Lord Henry and Lady Emily, as is often witnessed *within* the House; and the disputants stood in as much need of being called to order, as the most animated member who ever incurred and deserved the remonstrance of that much enduring functionary, the Speaker.

Quarrel No. 3, was not so easily adjusted as the former two; for domestic disagreements have this peculiarity, that each succeeding one finds those engaged in them less disposed to make or accept concessions. It were tedious to relate the arguments offered by Lady Emily to prove that a husband who loves his wife, could not, or at least *ought* not, to attend the House of Commons; and the logical reasonings by which Lord Henry endeavored to convince her, that he who discharged not his duty to his country, was not capable of being a loving spouse. Arguments, nay, even tears, were found unavailing to convince Lord Henry that his attendance at St. Stephen's was a just cause of unhappiness to his wife. He sternly persisted in his resolution to attend the House of Commons, when any subject of importance was likely to be discussed; and three days, felt to be of interminable length by Lady Emily, rolled over their heads, before a perfect reconciliation was accomplished.

But alas! this estrangement of three days, led to a result that furnished cause for future dissension. The consciousness that a cold reception awaited him at home, induced Lord Henry, one night that the House of Commons had adjourned at an earlier hour than ordinary, to yield to the request of some old friends, to drop into their club and sup; and so agreeable did he find his companions, that he returned not to his home until daylight. Poor Lady Emily, who had impatiently counted the many hours of his absence, by the pendule on her table, met him with a face pale as marble, on which the effect of her late vigil and anxiety might be traced in legible characters. Her pallid cheeks were a reproach that his conscience whispered he had merited; and which might have been more effectual in precluding similar sins on his part, than any other means, had she trusted to them alone. But unfortunately she recapitulated all she had endured; the hope that every step in the square, every sound of carriage-wheels, were his; and the consequent alarm and disappointment that followed the frustration of these hopes. Men are seldom so little disposed to pity the sufferings they have caused, as when conscience tells them they have been in the wrong.

Lord Henry became *ennuye*, as his *cara sposa* dwelt on the misery of her solitary vigil, and somewhat brusquely remarked, that it might have been avoided had she more wisely sought her pillow. The house did not adjourn until very late; he could not get away sooner, and he hoped she would never again sit up for him.

"And this," thought Lady Emily, "is the consolation offered me for my anxiety, and the wretchedness of the many hours undergone during this long, long night. Oh, Henry! who that saw you in our delicious

dwelling, by the calm lake of Windermere, whose unruffled surface was not smoother than the current of our lives, and where an hour passed away from me was counted as an affliction not bearable, could believe that you could thus change!"

The tears stole down her pallid cheek as she made this reflection, and bathed her pillow as she continued to ponder long after her husband had tasted the balm of sleep denied to her.

The next day, as they rode through the park, one of his companions of the previous night joined them, and referred to its agreeability.

"We got a very good supper, did we not?" said he. "No one can prepare a supper like Ude."

Lord Henry positively blushed, as the reproachful eyes of his offended wife were fixed on his face.

"Do you know," continued his friend, who was not *un peu indiscret et bavard*, "that poor Aubrey is not allowed to go to Crockford's, Madame son épouse, thinking the frequenting of that agreeable club, incompatible with the dignified position of a married man. The consequence is, that Aubrey swears he never enters the place, yet contrives to sup there most nights on his way back from the House of Commons, and persuades his wife that he was detained at the house. Every married man now endeavors to secure a seat in parliament, because it furnishes so good an excuse for late hours and absence from home."

Lord Henry looked as embarrassed as he felt, and heartily wished his indiscreet friend a hundred miles off; while Lady Emily felt as much indignation as grief, at thus discovering that the deception practiced by other men, had been indulged in by him whom she believed to have been as incapable of finding pleasure in the haunts of his bachelor days, as of descending to a subterfuge to conceal his renewed attendance there. Trivial as this error of the husband may appear to some of our readers, it aimed the first blow at the confidence of the wife in his veracity—a blow so fatal to conjugal happiness. He felt all that was passing in her mind; and, with the unreasonableness peculiar to selfishness, was more disposed to resent the censure implied in her looks, than to atone for the cause of it.

He argued in his own mind, that as the duplicity to which he had descended had been instigated by what he called her absurd exigence his practice of it was compulsory and consequent. How many men have similarly reasoned, and how many women have provoked the same results by their imprudent expectations, and resentments when such expectations have been disappointed!

Never did a pair, who had only two months worn the chains of Hymen, enter their home with feelings less attuned to love than Lord Henry and Lady Emily. Mutual dissatisfaction pervaded the minds of both; yet, strange to say, this very dissatisfaction owed its bitterness and existence to an ill-regulated affection which led each to expect in the other that freedom from error, rarely, if ever, accorded to weak mortals.

"I thought him so perfect," said Lady Emily to herself, "so incapable of falsehood. Oh! what a cruel disappointment!"

"How unjust! how absurd!" thought Lord Henry, "to resent as an injury the trifling deception produced by my desire of not giving her pain, which I knew my honest avowal of the supper at Crockford's, would have inflicted. Women are the most unreasonable creatures in the world. If one tells them the truth, they pout or weep; and what man can patiently bear either of these feminine habits? If one conceals the fact from the desire of saving them from annoyance, then, forsooth, the poor devil of a husband is, if detected, regarded as a monster of deception and falsehood, and punished for the very error into which a too compassionate disposition led him."

The *tele-à-tete* dinner, anticipated with pleasure by husband and wife, proved more disagreeable to both, than they, a few hours before, had imagined possible. Each dreaded a recurrence to the subject that pained them, yet could think of no other. The evening passed not more pleasantly than the dinner, and was felt by both to be interminable. What a melancholy contrast did it offer to the delicious ones enjoyed in their solitude, when they were all the world to each other! before she had learned to doubt his truth, or he to dread or resent her displeasure.

The announcement that his cabriolet was at the door, was a relief to them. He muttered a few words of his regret at the necessity of leaving her; and, as his lips slightly pressed her cheek, it required no little effort on her part to repress the tears that were ready to bedew them, while she silently and passively received, without returning his caress. It was not thus that they had been wont to part even for an hour. He would fondly loiter, unwilling to tear himself from her presence, and she would as fondly urge his stay. But now—all was changed, and they felt, but dared not revert to the alteration. The tears, repressed in his presence, flowed abundantly when he left the house. They were the bitterest his wife had ever shed; for they mourned the death of those young and romantic hopes of happiness, the completion of which are to be found only in the pages of fiction.

While lady Emily still continued to weep in uncontrollable emotion, the doors of the library were thrown open, and before she could discern who entered, she was fondly pressed in the arms of her sister, Lady Lutterworth. The senior of Lady Emily by three years, and nearly that period a wife; Lady Lutterworth had acquired all the experience which is the inevitable result of a constant intercourse with society. She, too, had, during the first months of her marriage, wept over the destruction of those illusions peculiar to the young and romantic; illusions fated to be dissolved by the sober realities of life—and had learned to value the steady affection of the husband, which supersedes the more animated, but brief devotion of the lover. She had passed through the phases of the honeymoon, and noted the barometer of love, from extreme heat to variable, and found the quicksilver remain steadily fixed at temperate. Nevertheless, though she might sometimes give a sigh to the memory of departed illusions, she was satisfied, nay, more, was happy in her domestic life. Arrived but late that evening in London, from the continent, where she had been sojourning during the last two years, she could not repress her impatience to embrace the dear sister she had left budding into beauty when she last beheld her, and had hurried off in a *voiture de remise*,

from the Clarendon as soon as she and her lord had finished the late dinner that awaited their arrival.

"But how is this, dear Emily, you have been weeping?" were the first words uttered by Lady Lutterworth, after having again and again pressed her sister to her heart.

"I've been nervous, and somewhat low-spirited," replied Lady Emily, and the tears streamed afresh from her eyes as she spoke.

"Where is Lord Henry! I long to become acquainted with my new brother," said Lady Lutterworth.

"He is gone to the House of Commons," answered Lady Emily.

"Which I dare say you find to be just as plaguy an affair as I used to consider the House of Lords the first year of my marriage, *n'est-ce pas, ma chère petite sœur?* Oh, how well I remember counting the long, dull hours, that I thought interminable, while my lord and master was discharging his senatorial duties, listening to the pungent satire of a Lyndhurst, or the bitter irony of a Brougham. I recollect, too, the heroic courage with which I resisted the attacks of the drowsy god Morpheus, for the praiseworthy purpose of being able to tell Lutterworth what a sleepless wretched night I had passed. I have struck my repeater, when so overpowered by drowsiness as to be almost incapable of counting its silvery sounds, that I might be able to acquaint my *caro sposo* how many, many hours I had counted. And then how offended, how angry I used to feel, when he has said, 'Why not go to sleep, Louisa! You would then have been unconscious of the tardy flight of time, and I see you can hardly keep your eyes open.' I *did* learn wisdom, *did* go to sleep, and acquired sufficient philosophy to be amused the morning after a late debate, in listening to a *resume* of it from Frederick, instead of looking, if not uttering reproaches for his having occasioned me such long vigils."

"But where is Lord Lutterworth?" inquired Lady Emily.

"Indulging in a most comfortable *siesta*, in a chair which he has pronounced to be perfect for such indulgence," replied Lady Lutterworth. "He will then visit his club, hear the *on-dits* and become *au fait* of all that is passing in London, which will be retailed and detailed to me at *dejeuner*, to-morrow."

"And does he indulge in these *siestas* in your presence?" demanded Lady Emily, her brow elevated into an angular curve, indicative of displeasure and surprise.

"Does he not?" answered Lady Lutterworth. "Yes, my dear little sister, *et sans cérémonie, sans peur, et sans reproche.*"

"And you suffer it?" asked Lady Emily.

"Ay, more; arrange the pillow, and make as little noise as possible, lest I interrupt his slumber," answered Lady Lutterworth.

"But surely, sister, this is very undignified! We ought not to forego those attentions, those *petits soins*, to which we are entitled, and which form the *agremens* of wedded life."

"Yes, Emily, during the honeymoon, perhaps; but be assured that the sooner a wife resigns these *petits soins*, only voluntarily paid while she is yet a bride, the better will it be for her future happiness. Let her receive with pleasure, every demonstration of her husband's affection, without ever exacting a single one. Let her ever welcome him with smiles, and conceal the tears his absence costs her. If he will sleep, and husbands have all a peculiar tendency to court 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' is it not wiser to ensure his gratitude, by administering all gentle appliances to render his slumbers agreeable, than to resent, though unable to prevent, the indulgence."

"But then, sister, we are so loved, so adored, during courtship, and the early days of marriage, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to bring ourselves to be content with the common-place civilities, into which husbands allow their attentions to degenerate when the honeymoon is over."

"Wo to her, Emily, who cannot soon, and cheerfully submit to be content with such! It is the false notions engendered during the days of courtship and the honeymoon, that lay the foundation for many, if not all the dissensions that too frequently imbitter married life. Men, the lords of the creation, forego their prerogatives, when they stoop to sue and propitiate those whom they believe themselves born to protect, if not to command. The object attained, for which this sacrifice was offered, they quickly resume their natural and ill-concealed sense of superiority, and begin to treat her, whom they seemed to consider a goddess, as a creature sent into the world, to contribute to their wants and wishes. A deposed monarch, driven from the throne where he commanded universal homage from his subjects, is not placed in a more false position, by expecting similar demonstrations of respect in exile, than a wife is, who exacts in the staid and unromantic position of a matron, the devoted attentions offered to her during the illusive hours of courtship and the first bridal days. Let then both the deposed sovereigns resign with 'decent dignity' the homage they can no longer command, and they will best ensure that continued regard which, though more homely, is not less precious."

The words of Lady Lutterworth, made a deep impression on the mind of her fair young sister, who, the moment that lady retired, sought her pillow; and though a few natural tears dewed her cheeks, as she resigned the sweet but delusive hopes of youth and romance, which led her to imagine that the husband would ever continue the lover, she went to sleep with the firm resolve of seeking content, and of conferring happiness in the discharge of her duties.

When Lord Henry returned from the House of Commons—and this night he did so without dropping in at his club—he found his fair young wife asleep, her cheeks still retaining the traces of recent tears. There was something peculiarly touching in the sight of that beautiful and youthful face, thus marked with sorrow, though under the blessed influence of sleep. The rich crimson lips still quivered, and broken sobs escaped them, like those of a slumbering child who had wept itself to unconsciousness; and a tear still trembled beneath the long silken lash that shaded the fair and delicate cheek.

Lord Henry stood in mute admiration, regarding the lovely object before him, and felt all the lover's enthusiasm and husband's tenderness revive in his heart, from the contemplation. His own name, uttered in the

softest tone of affection, stole from the lips of the sleeper; and was followed by a sigh so deep as to agitate the snowy drapery that shrouded her finely-formed bust. That sigh appealed more powerfully to his feelings, than the most eloquent speech could have done; and he reproached himself severely for having caused it.

"Poor dear Emily!" thought he, "even in her dreams I am remembered. And I can be so unfeeling as to blame her, that she is disappointed at finding me so much less faultless than she expected! So pure a mind as hers, cannot be expected to make allowance for the breach of veracity she has discovered, where she thought all was truth. And I, like a brute, could be angry, instead of endeavouring to sooth her wounded feelings!"

These salutary reflections produced a happy result. The morrow's sun shone on the reconciliation of Lord Henry and Lady Emily. He acknowledged the error into which a desire to avoid displeasing her had hurried him; he explained the sacrifices entailed by the conventional usages of fashionable life; the necessity of occasionally submitting to them; the expediency of a wife's cheerfully yielding to these unavoidable interruptions to domestic bliss; and by a perfect confidence in her husband, and a freedom from exacting a monopoly of his attentions only practicable at the solitude of their country-seat, exempting him from the painful necessity of concealment or prevarication.

The tenderness with which his advice was bestowed, ensured its adoption. From that day forth Lady Emily learned to bear seeing her husband behave with the courtesy practised by every well-bred man towards women, without feeling any jealousy; submitted without uneasiness to his frequently engaging his old friends to dinner, nay, could smile at the mention of the "bewitching widow," and hear of his occasionally supping at his club without being made unhappy.

A letter despatched a few days after to her dear friend, Lady Frances Lorimer, in answer to one from that young lady announcing her approaching nuptials, contained such excellent advice on the danger of young wives exacting attentions only paid during the days of courtship, that it had the best effect on that lady. This judicious counsel considerably lowered the exaggerated and romantic expectations she had previously indulged of the unbroken felicity of wedded lovers, and saved the husband of Lady Frances from the scenes of domestic chagrin that had clouded the conjugal happiness of Lord Henry and Lady Emily Fitzharding, during their first entrance as a wedded pair into fashionable life in London:

A BLUE-STOCKING IN MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. MARY CLAVERS.

An addition to our Montacute first circle, had lately appeared in the person of Miss Eloise Fidler, an elder sister of Mrs. Rivers, who was to spend some months "in this peaceful retreat,"—to borrow one of her favorite expressions.

This young lady was not as handsome as she would fain have been, if I may judge by the cataracts of ash-coloured ringlets which shaded her cheeks, and the exceeding straightness of the stays which restrained her somewhat exuberant proportions. Her age was at a stand; but I could never discover exactly where, for this point proved an exception to the general communicativeness of her disposition. I guessed it at eight-and-twenty; but perhaps she would have judged this uncharitable, so I will not insist. Certain it is that it must have taken a good while to read as many novels and commit to memory as much poetry, as lined the head and exalted the sensibilities of our fair visitant.

Her dress was in the height of fashion, and all her accoutrements *point de vice*. A gold pencil-case of the most delicate proportions was suspended by a kindred chain round a neck which might be called a whity-brown; and a note-book of corresponding lady-like-ness was peeping from the pocket of her highly useful apron of blue silk—ever ready to secure a passing thought or an elegant quotation. Her album—she was just the person to have an album—was resplendent in gold and satin, and the verses which meandered over its emblazoned pages were of the most unexceptionable quality, overlaid with flowers and gems—love and despair.—To find any degree of appropriateness in these various offerings, one must allow the fortunate possessor of the purple volume at least all the various perfections of an admirable Crichton, allayed in some measure by the trifling faults of coldness, fickleness and deceit; and to judge of Miss Fidler's friends by their hand-writing, they must have been able to offer an edifying variety of bumps to the fingers of the phrenologist. We regret we have not room for a few specimens from its loaded pages.

Miss Fidler wrote her own poetry, so that she had ample employment for her time while with us in the woods. It was unfortunate that she could not walk out much on account of her shoes. She was obliged to make out with diluted inspiration. The nearest approach she usually made to the study of Nature, was to sit on the wood-pile, under a girdled tree, and there, with her gold pencil in hand, and her "eyne, gray as glas," rolled upwards, poesy by the hour. Several people, and especially one marriageable lady of a certain age, felt afraid Miss Fidler was "kind o' crazy."

And, standing marvel of Montacute, no guest at morning or night ever found the fair Eloise ungloved. Think of it! In the very wilds to be always like a cat in nutshells, alone useless where all are so busy! I do not wonder our good neighbors thought the damsel a little touched. And then her shoes! "Saint Crispin Crispianus" never had so self-sacrificing a votary. No shoemaker this side of New-York could make a sole papery enough; no tannery out of France could produce materials for this piece of exquisite feminine foppery. Eternal imprisonment within doors, except in the warmest and driest weather, was indeed somewhat of a price to pay, but it was ungrudged. The sofa and its footstool, finery and novels, would have made a delicious world for Miss Eloise Fidler,

But, alas! "all this availeth me nothing," has been ever the song of poor human nature. The mention of that unfortunate name includes the

only real, personal, pungent distress which had as yet shaded the lot of my interesting heroine. Fidler! In the mortification adhering to so unpoetical, so unromantic, so inelegant a surname—a name irredeemable even by the highly classical elegance of the Eloise, or as the fair lady herself pronounced it, "Elovees;" in this lay all her woe; and the grand study of her life had been 'to sink this hated cognomen in one more congenial to her taste. Perhaps this very anxiety had defeated itself; at any rate, here she was at—I did not mean to touch on the ungrateful guess again, but at least at mateable years; neither married, nor particularly likely to be married.

Mrs. Rivers was the object of absolute envy to the pining Eloise.—"Anna had been so fortunate," she said; "Rivers was the sweetest name! and Harley was such an elegant fellow!"

We thought poor Anna had been anything but fortunate. She might better have been Fidler or Fiddlestring all her life than to have taken the name of an indifferent and dissipated husband. But not so thought Miss Fidler. It was not long after the arrival of the elegant Eloise, that the Montacute Lyceum held its first meeting in Mr. Simeon Jenkin's shop, lighted by three candles, supported by candelabra of scooped potatoes;—Mr. Jenkins himself sitting on the head of a barrel, as president. At first the debates of the institute were held with closed doors; but after the youthful or less practised speakers had tried their powers for a few evenings, the Lyceum was thrown open to the world every Tuesday evening, at six o'clock. The list of members was not very select as to age, character, or standing; and it soon included the entire gentility of the town, and some who scarce claimed rank elsewhere. The attendance of the ladies was particularly requested! and the whole fair sex of Montacute made a point of showing occasionally the interest they undoubtedly felt in the gallant knights who tilted in this field of honor.

But I must not be too diffuse—I was speaking of Miss Fidler. One evening—I hope that beginning prepares the reader for something highly interesting—one evening the question to be debated was the equally novel and striking one which regards the comparative mental capacity of the sexes; and as it was expected that some of the best speakers on both sides would be drawn out by the interesting nature of the subject, every body was anxious to attend.

Among the rest was Miss Fidler, much to the surprise of her sister and myself, who had hitherto been so unfashionable as to deny ourselves this gratification.

"What new whim possesses you, Eloise?" said Mrs. Rivers; "you who never go out in the day-time."

"Oh, just *per passy le tong*," said the young lady, who was a great French scholar; and go she would and did.

The debate was interesting to absolute breathlessness, both of speakers and hearers, and was gallantly decided in favour of the fair by a youthful member who occupied the barrel as president for the evening. He gave it as his decided opinion, that if the natural and social disadvantages under which woman laboured and must ever continue to labour, could be removed; if their education could be entirely different, and their position in society the reverse of what it is at present, they would be very nearly, if not quite, equal to the nobler sex, in all but strength of mind, in which very useful quality it was his opinion that man would still have the advantage, especially in those communities whose energies were developed by the aid of debating societies.

This decision was hailed with acclamations, and as soon as the question for the ensuing debate, "which is the more useful animal the ox or the ass?" was announced, Miss Eloise Fidler returned home to rave of the elegant young man who sat on the barrel, whom she had decided to be one of "Nature's aristocracy," and whom she had discovered to bear the splendid appellation of Dacre. "Edward Dacre," said she, "for I heard the rude creature Jenkins call him Ed."

The next morning witnessed another departure from Miss Fidler's usual habits. She proposed a walk; and observed that she had never yet bought an article at the store, and really felt as if she ought to purchase something. Mrs. Rivers chancing to be somewhat occupied, Miss Fidler did me the honour of a call, as she could not think of walking without a chaperon.

Behind the counter at Skinner's I saw for the first time a spruce clerk, a really well-looking young man, who made his very best bow to Miss Fidler, and served us with much assiduity. The young lady's purchases occupied some time, and I was obliged gently to hint home-affairs before she could decide between two pieces of muslin, which she declared to be so nearly alike, that it was almost impossible to say which was the best.

When we were at length on our return, I was closely questioned as to my knowledge of "that gentleman," and on my observing that he seemed to be a very decent young man, Miss Fidler warmly justified him from any such opinion, and after a glowing eulogium on his firm countenance, his elegant manners and his grace as a debater, concluded by informing me, as if to cap the climax, that his name was Edward Dacre.

I had thought no more of the matter for some time, though I knew Mr. Dacre had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Rivers', when Mrs. Rivers came to me one morning with a perplexed brow, and confided to me her sisterly fears that Eloise was about to make a fool of herself, as she had done more than once before.

"My father," she said, "hoped in this remote corner of creation, Eloise might forget her nonsense and act like other people; but I verily believe she is bent upon encouraging this low fellow, whose principal charm in her bewildered eyes is his name."

"His name?" said I, "pray explain;" for I had not then learned all the boundless absurdity of this new Cherubina's fancies."

"Edward Dacre?" said my friend, "this is what enchants my sister, who is absolutely mad on the subject of her own homely appellation."

"Oh, is that all?" said I, "send her to me, then; and I engage to dismiss her cured."

And Miss Fidler came to spend the day. We talked of all novels without exception, and all poetry of all magazines, and Miss Fidler asked me if I had read the "Young Duke." Upon my confessing as much, she ask-

ed my opinion of the heroine, and then if I had ever heard so sweet a name. "May Dacre—May Dacre," she repeated, as if to solace her delighted ears.

"Only think how such names are murdered in this country," said I, tossing carelessly before her an account of Mr. Skinner's which bore, "Edkins Daker" below the receipt. I never saw a change equal to that which seemed to "come o'er the spirit of her dream." I went on with my citations of murdered names, telling how Rogers was turned into Rudgers, Conway into Coniway, and Montague into Montaig, but poor Miss Fidler was no longer in talking mood; and, long before the day was out, she complained of a head-ache and returned to her sister's. Mr. Daker found her "not at home" that evening; and when I called next morning, the young lady was in bed, steeping her long ringlets in tears, real tears.

To hasten to the catastrophe: it was discovered ere long that Mr. Edkins Daker's handsome face, and really pleasant manners, had fairly vanquished Miss Fidler's romance, and she had responded to his professions of attachment with a truth and sincerity, which, while it vexed her family inexpressibly, seemed to me to atone for all her follies. Mr. Daker's prospects were by no means despicable, since a small capital employed in merchandize in Michigan, is very apt to confer upon the industrious and fortunate possessor that crowning charm, without which, handsome faces, and even handsome names, are quite worthless in our Western eyes.

Some little disparity of age existed between Miss Fidler and her adorer; but this was conceded by all to be abundantly made up by the superabounding gentility of the lady; and when Mr. Daker returned from New York with his new stock of goods and his stylish bride, I thought I had seldom seen a happier or better mated couple. And at this present writing, I do not believe Eloise, with all her whims, would exchange her very nice Edkins for the proudest Dacre of the British Peerage.

CURSORY COGITATIONS CONCERNING CATS.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR.

How in the world it comes to pass that people—and worthy, good-hearted people, too, in the main—can have a single relative in existence, from the nearest degree mentioned at the end of the Prayer-Book to a Caledonian cousinship forty-nine times removed inclusive, about whom they care no more than they do about the multitudes against whom they jostle in their everyday walks of life—that is to say, towards whom they do not feel their hearts one whit the warmer, *because they are relations*—is to us a thing, as Celia says, "wonderful out of all whooping." For ourselves, the mere claim of kindred acts as a sort of magnet upon our affections. We honour, from the bottom of our heart, that hanging together of name and line, that practical application of the maxim, that "blood is thicker than water,"—in a word, that better part of the spirit of clanship, which so pre-eminently distinguishes the kindly Scot from his more southern brethren. A family gathering is to us a pleasure anxiously anticipated, and fondly remembered,—the day it comes is noted as a white day in our lives." We love to see the hearth surrounded by a merry circle of kith and kin, old and young, rich and poor,—what matters it! we love them none the less for being old—Heaven forbid we should do so for being poor. We love to hear the kindly mention of those far away, (for, alas! there are few such gatherings without their "vacant places,")—to mark the thousand unpretending, unceremonious, kindly little sayings and doings, so widely different from the stilted politeness of fashion—to listen once more to the oft-told family tale—to laugh once again at the oft-repeated family joke. We sometimes begin to have serious thoughts of committing matrimony ourselves, for the sake of enjoying all this sort of thing round a fireside of our own; for this pro-Malthusian, anti-conjugal, bachelor style of living, after all, is but dullish; and we find ourselves continually dropping in upon some brother, or uncle, or cousin, as the case may be, for a dish of tea and chat, and an hour or two of domesticity. Indeed, we always make a point of satisfying ourselves, by personal enquiry, as to the existence, health, and happiness, of every member of the family within our reach; but as their name is Legion, and we are strictly impartial in our visitations, we seldom get through the whole series under three weeks or a month. The night before last we made merry with uncle Tom, and having, in imitation of that respected relative, duly swallowed three large tumblers of "something comfortable," and kissed in succession thirteen children, from three months upwards, we made our way home, much to the indignation of our landlady, at one of those small hours which the world, by a strange perversion of the truth, calls "late." Yesterday evening, by way of doing penance for the offence, we inflicted ourselves most unrelentingly upon our brother Charles and his wife, who haven't got over the honey-moon more than a week; and where, of course, there was neither of the afore-mentioned drinkable or kissable commodities to be met with. To-night—let us see—there is our cousin Horace's new snuggery, and our aunt Tabitha's Howqua's mixture, upon both of which we are pledged to pass sentence at our earliest opportunity. Like Desdemona, we "do perceive here a divided duty;" and how to settle the question is a puzzler. We have it: Most gracious Sovereign! may it please your Majesty's most royal golden image to decide the point for us! So—up you go—Heads, Horace—Tails, Tabitha;—Down you come (*Dii avertite omen*) head foremost, as we expected!—Tails—Tea, and Tabitha! So be it then—give us our hat and stick.

Ah! our dear aunt, and so there you are this cold evening, "cherishing your knees," as Leigh Hunt has it, before the fire. And how is the rheumatism you were complaining of the other morning!—this frosty night, we fear, bodes it no good: and what is the last new saying your favourite Poll has learned!—and last, not least, how fares our stout old acquaintance, Sir Thomas the Tortoise-shelly? We think we hear him somewhere about the room, but you haven't ordered candles yet, and we can't quite make him out. Ah! here he is; we feel him rubbing his sleeky person against our dexter leg, to announce his gratification at seeing us; we hardly think any thing under a stray canary bird would tempt him away

for the next half hour. Hark! he is purring most hospitable welcome, and now we have managed to catch his eye. Thank Heaven we were not created a mouse, for the very first glance of that eye would be enough to fascinate us! Why, it is positive fire; a moth in a dark room might singe himself at it. We would not wake suddenly in the dead of night, and see two such orbs staring upon us, for all England, Scotland, and Ireland, not to mention the Land of Leeks. We should think the *old* gentleman, *par excellence*, had been watching while we slept, to catch any awkward secret we might chance to discharge to our deaf pillows, and patiently waiting till we awoke, to carry us off bodily on an involuntary visit to his subterraneous dominions: such eyes as those, at such an hour, might fright from its propriety the most stainless conscience that ever sweetened slumber:—they would "murder sleep," as effectually as Macbeth, for the next four-and-twenty hours at least. We positively think they would soon make us nervous even now, with their fixed green glare bent upon us; but here comes Mary with the lights, and we are relieved. So apparently is not Sir Thomas, for, albeit doubly convinced by their entrance that we are really and truly your very loving and unworthy nephew, he seems by no means best pleased with the sudden flood of light, which renders all further scrutiny on the point unnecessary. What would we not give for some Gottfried mind to "burst his cerements," and rise, brush in hand, to point him, as he has turned him round and seated himself in philosophical meditation on the Walls-ends that burn so cheerfully before us! He is evidently yielding himself up to all the luxury of a brown study: voiceless, motionless, save only a gentle involuntary pleasurable agitation of the tip of his tail: forgetful even of the approaching tea-time, and the accustomed saucer of milk: surrendered to the full influence of that mysterious sympathy between coils and contemplation, which never lets us look for two consecutive minutes at a bright clear fire, without throwing us into a calm, thoughtful, moralising frame of mind, presenting to us, in every black promontory and glowing cavern, more strange and varying shapes and images than "Denmark's sage courtier" discovered in the passing cloud, to fool her "princely youth" to the top of his bent. Your cat, after all, is the most truly philosophic brute: a ruminating animal is a goose to him. There is something about that cat of yours, our dear aunt—sugar and cream, if you please, and a liberal allowance of both—there is evidently about that cat of yours an abstraction from things real, a separation of spirit from matter, a meditateness, which a Greek sage of the olden time would have looked upon with envy. Disturb him not, and he will sit in that self-same position for hours—let but this ball of thread roll within reach of his eye, thus, and—pounce! why, he is in his kitchen-hood again in a moment! Your venerable protégé is one of those whom age robs not of all "smack of their youth!"

"Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Upon a warm spring-day,
Even like a kitten at its sport
Is often seen to play."

With all his philosophy he is no Stoic. A yard of string and an inch of ribbon are too much for him any day: he is "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," to the latest moment of his existence. And now we think he may lap his milk, and Mary may take away the tea things; for, fascinating as is the beverage, we never allow ourselves to exceed the third cup. Why, the saucer is nearly empty already! That ceaseless purr, and that ecstatic sweeping of the tail, might make envious the most inveterate gourmand in London: we could almost plump down upon all fours, and lap with him ourselves, the operation appears so delightful.

Truly, Sir Thomas, thou leadest a happy life. For thee beameth a cheerful fire, and spreadeth a soft warm hearth-rug. For thee the morning sun poureth his earliest radiance through yon eastern window, and for thee diffuseth his parting warmth on yonder back-door, where, as thou reposest, no juvenile vagabond, wantonly envious of thy felicity, may halloo on the hostile cur, or whirl from some obscure corner the treacherous brick-bat. Pleasant is it to behold thee, basking in the full effulgence of the burning day-god:—waking indeed, yet not far removed from slumber—in a state of luxurious dreaminess, fancying thyself, perchance, in some feline Elysium, where the sleek race of mice faileth never, and the gentle gales wander by unceasingly, stealing odor from a wilderness of valerian. Thou art one of those who cannot be "too much i' the sun;"—a true votary of the noontide—a sworn worshipper of the dog-days. Alas! that we should be compelled to class thee among those human children of the same divinity, "with whom revenge is virtue!"

Nor little be thy rejoicing that thy lot was cast in these our enlightened days rather than in the darker times of our poor, miserable, ignorant, benighted ancestors. Be thou very thankful that, in this happy era, ancient dames may be hook-nosed, or hump-backed, or halting, with impunity, and that familiar spirits have become strangers in the land! Tremble thou to hear that time was, when the dread Father of Evil himself walked the earth after thy image, black of hue as midnight;—when malignant imps, lurking concealed under a livery of tortoiseshell, wrought unspeakable ills to myriads of unfortunate chawbacons;—when men prophesied a mildewed harvest from every sweep of thy tail, a sickening herd from every purring intonation of thy voice;—when, if thou didst frisk in thy harmless glee, thou wert esteemed to be practising minuets for the approaching Witches' Sabbath—if thou didst but seize a passing mouse, thou wert only endeavoring to blind the eyes of the multitude from detecting under thy disguise the incarnation of the Wicked One. Be thou exceeding grateful that, in these latter days, thou hast fallen under the especial protection of a gentle sisterhood, whose hearts, unoccupied by other affections, throw open for thy race alone the wide flood-gates of their tenderness; who consecrate for thee a shrine in every hearth-rug, and appoint high-priestesses for thy service in the shape of much-enduring maids-of-all-work. For thee, kind ministers! at every return of morn, do they duly arrest the dog-drawn vehicle, far scented by thy expectant tribe, wherein, Homerically arranged on spit-like skewers, are borne the savoury morsels collected from a thousand stores for thine especial consumption:—for thee do they bend upon the itinerant purveyor their sweetest of sweet smiles, that he may select for thy favored palate his most tempting delicacies. For thy sake, in particular, O Epicurean Sir Thomas! how many a murmuring brother and mewing

ster peep anxiously forth each morning, to chide the sluggish wheels and lingering merchant! How many a fasting lap-dog whines complainingly, as he views, at hungry distance, the long-protracted gratification of thy fastidious appetite!

And yet, is not thy cup of sweets altogether undashed with bitterness,—"medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid;"—thou too hast thy share of the persecutions of this persecuting world: nay, no sooner hast thou entered it than thy perils compass thee round, and, alas! thou hast no eyes to avoid them! How often have we seen thy helpless kindred, in all the fancied security and unoffending blindness of kittenhood, dashed rudely against the flinty wall, or plunged headlong into the stagnant pool or hurrying torrent! How often, O Thames! stream "gentle yet not dull," have we marked some hapless victim, cut off untimely, and nipped in the very bud of promise, borne slowly downward on the bosom of the waves:—alas! how changed!—the graceful form swollen and distended with "too much of water"—the innocent limbs rigid and extended in death—the glossy coat worn from the skin by the action of the un pitying stream—the nucleus of a foul collection of sticks and straws, "weeds and filth, a leprous scum," augmenting as it is, borne lazily on, till in the unsightly and shapeless mass the very mother that moaned for its loss would fail to recognise her offspring! Happy, ay, thrice happy, Puss, was she, Sir Thomas, who was erst wont to carry thee in her maternal mouth to the sunniest spots, secluded from the prying ken of the destroyer;—who kept for thee the choicest morsel, visiting with stealthiest step thy carefully concealed bed in some well-filled barn or comfortable hay-loft, till thy opening eyes grew bright, and thy young limbs waxed strong, and thou didst shoot up beneath her delighted gaze into active and vigorous cat-hood! But not even thus have thy perils ceased, and still art thou in jeopardy! Many sworn foes hast thou—imps of mischief in short jackets and still shorter inexpresibles—"fiends in shape of boys," as sayeth the tender-hearted minstrel whose mournful dirge rang plaintively over the "expiring frog,"—who go about to do thee perpetual harm. Perchance, allured by the warmth of a more than usually genial morn, thou dost timidly peep forth into the world, unconscious of the perils which lurk beyond the pale of thine accustomed area, and art pacing with slow, happy, unsuspecting steps, along the well-sunned flag-stones:—alas! unhappy animal! see you not yon evil-minded urchin before?—hear you not yon butcher's cur behind!—turn! fly! ere yet it be too late! already the well-aimed pebble is on its way,—already the growling savage in act to spring—one moment more, and—Now, by the great Jupiter, a masterly retreat! Xenophon from Cunaxa was not half so skilful,—Bonaparte from Moscow not half so quick! How the catiff cur stands astounded at the leap which cleared his unwieldy carcass, and bore thee at one bound beyond the reach of his utmost swiftness!—And let thy much palpitating heart rejoice, for the missile of thy human foe has spent its force against yon kitchen window, and a sturdy scullion is even now taking vengeance on the offender.

Many a time and oft, too, has our heart bled for the hapless child of thy race, whom some puerile demon, despite her piteous moanings and despairing struggles, holds closely grappled between his unrelenting knees, till he has shod each velvet paw with a sandal of unyielding walnut-shell, and laughs to see her limp clattering away, or to mark her fruitless efforts to disengage her tender toes from their unwonted durance. Sometimes too—thank heaven! but seldom—do we shudder, as we read of the atrocities of some more mature devil, some animated flint, who, for the sake of all-evil gain, hesitates not to strip the furry coat from the yet living flesh, to fling aside the bleeding and quivering carcass. We have scarcely heart to speak of it;—we never look at an urchin surmounted by one of those hateful fur caps, without thinking of the agonies by which perchance it was purchased—without fancying we hear the howl of torture, and see the mangled limbs writhing under—But the theme is too horrible to be pursued: in all Hogarth's Progress of Cruelty, sickening as it is to look on, there is not imagined a more fiendish example of the vice.

And yet there be those who look upon thy persecutions with little compassion, and scruple not to lay to thy account manifold and serious charges, which would indeed, we fear, puzzle thee to answer. They say that thou art one of those time-servers whom it is dangerous to trust—a very incarnation of treachery—friend and foe in the same moment—now fawning, and now scratching—bearing a most feudal remembrance of wrongs, without the open and avowed hostility which accompanied the enmities of those days—one who suffers the injury of a moment to blot out the benefits of a life. "I do not love a cat," says somebody or other, we forget who—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled "in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or his foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you, turning back as he goes a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness, seeming to say, 'Perdition catch you! I hate you forever!'" Yes, the charge is too true—an uncertain and fickle friend thou art; and not without reason has our own Shakespeare made the noble mother of the banished Coriolanus, while she vents her wrath upon the cowering Tribunes, sum up in the single expressive epithet of "Cats!" all the faithlessness, and the falsehood, and the ingratitude of the scoundrel Plebs, who hooted their deliverer from the gates of Rome. They say, too, Sir Thomas, that thou thyself art a persecutor: that thou lovest to torment the hapless sparrow, and the ill-fated mouse,—delaying the fatal gripe only to gloat over its bootless struggles, and drink in with greedy ear its little cries of complaint. They say that all thy sufferings are but the well-deserved recompense of thy—Grace be with us! what sound was that? As we hope to be saved, our respected aunt fast asleep, and snoring most unequivocally! And to think that we should have been wasting our precious breath for the last half hour in this fashion, deeming fondly that we were creating the most favorable impression that the skill of an expectant nephew ever succeeded in making upon a maiden aunt with £10,000 in the three per cents! Bah! we will beat our retreat before the old girl wakes herself to the sound of her own music; and as for you, Sir Thomas, as you value your safety, get not between us and the door, or we may be tempted too strongly to turn bully ourselves, and treat you to an accidental kick, that will stick in your memory to the end of your ninth existence.

Now forgive us, if you can, all you far, bright, silent stars that now shine down upon us, all the humbug we have uttered this blessed evening to tickle the ungrateful ears of the virgin Tabitha, and let it be sufficient punishment to have uttered it in vain! Not that we absolutely hate a cat—that would be contrary to our principles. We have no more personal grudge against them, than the son of Peleus had against the Trojans; they never steal *our* cream—frighten *our* favorite bullfinch into convulsions—or "catawampously chaw up" *our* gold fish. We have, we say, no downright, red-hot feud with them; but we cannot help regarding them, at best, but as a sort of modified tigers, with whom it is dangerous to be too familiar, and trench not upon the undisputed prerogative of the single sisterhood. We lords of creation seldom love cats. Most women do—and no wonder; both are graceful, and both domestic; not to mention that they both scratch. Still they have an authority or two among us to quote in their favor; no less a personage than Mahomet himself patronised the breed, and, if his disciples "have writ their annals true," the said Prophet actually allowed his feline favorite to turn the breast of his robe into a nursery for her purring progeny! Only fancy the Founder of the Faithful with a bosom full of kittens! Why, his embrace (and he was pretty prodigal of such delicate attentions) must have been nearly as destructive to the favored fair one as that of the great father of gods and men to the "lightning-blasted Semele." Indeed, we are sceptical enough to question whether Mistress Khadijah could ever have been persuaded to allow the practice, though beyond a doubt the modern moslem doth "most powerfully and potently believe" it, and imitates it so zealously, that he might give many a lesson in cat-keeping even to the virgin daughters of merry England.

Southey kept a cat at Balliol—or if he didn't, he wrote lines to one as if he did, (one never knows when to believe a poet;) and he praises the said cat, real or imaginary, for being a "democratic beast." Well, the said laureate was a democratic young gentleman himself in those days—but he knows better now: no doubt he got well scratched one fine morning, and discovered all on a sudden that democracy in theory was a far finer thing than democracy in practice.

Scott even—the dog-loving and dog-loved Scott—admitted in his later days a sneaking kindness for pussy. "The greatest advance of age," says he, "which I have yet found, is liking a cat, an animal which I detested and becoming fond of a garden, an art which I despised." We have nothing to say against the first argument of senility, for cats and old folks have really many common characteristics; but as to the second position, that the love of a garden is the peculiar concomitant of advancing in years, we do think we could—battling under cover of the strong shield of Bacon, like Teucer from behind that of Ajax Telamon—put "old Peveril" to the rout, horse and foot. We have a great mind to try a skirmish some day, when we sport our country house, and have a "pleasance" of our own, to stir us up in defence of that "purest of all human pleasures."

But we have made too hasty a jump among the moderns, and passed over the grand authority for cat-keeping—the quaint, learned, lively, philosophical, gossiping, egotistical, fascinating Montaigne. We have even been led to entertain serious thoughts of setting up a Grimalkin ourselves, after reading his account of himself and his pet. "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple that has her time to begin or to refuse to play, as freely as myself have? nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better; and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?"* The old Gascon capering round his study with puss at his heels, jumping at the tantalizing lure, has summoned up to our memory a similar picture—Cowper's account of his hares; a narrative which would be enough to make us love the hand which penned it, had it never traced a line of the strains which have for ever enshrined his memory in the hearts of the wise and good among his countrymen. The Bard of *The Task*, by the way, has himself no mean claim to the respect of the feline family. Their gratitude for the Elegy on the "demurest of the tabby kind" should, to say the least of it, be perpetual.

And yet, though we have found a poet or two to patronize the race, it is by no means loved by the "genus irritabile" in general: "caret vate sacro," like all great men who so unfortunately existed before the days of Agamemnon; unless, indeed, we dignify with that honored name the innumerable and excellent poetasters, who build the lofty rhyme for the ears of the rising generation, and swell with many a storied page and pictured *tome* the bookshelves of the nursery. There, in many a wild and wondrous legend, many a happy and instructive epologue doth our friend puss stand pre-eminent. To this day we have vividly before us the portraiture of Puss in Boots, and feel yet a relish for the history of the venerable Dame Trot and her Comical Cat. How beautifully is her treacherous spirit denounced in the simple and touching story of the "three blind mice who sat in a barn to spin;"—her siren-like behavior in the fable of the Old and the Young Mouse! What bosom has not felt a pang at the cruel catastrophe which befel the hospitable hostess of the "Froggie who would a-woeing go," and who met with so unfortunate an accident in the course of his stroll home-wards! What calculating master and arithmetical miss has not toiled and labored over the hopeless task of discovering the aggregate amount of "kits, cats, sacks, and wives," journeying towards the ancient and loyal thorough of St. Ives! But we might multiply questions to infinity.

As to all the brave young princes, and angelic young princesses, who have been enchanted into cats, from the year of the world *one* to the year of grace 1839 inclusive, if we were to move for a return of them, the "tattle of the whole" would baffle the calculating powers of black and white Joey Hume himself. We confess that, in our more superstitious moments, we are half-inclined to number ourselves among those "who hold the opinion of Pythagoras, and fear to kill a woodcock lest they dispossess the soul of

* The quotation is from Isaac Walton, who adds—"Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats." There is, however, as much freedom in Father Isaac's translation as in Montaigne's gossip.

their grandam ;" and to look upon every Grimalkin as some prince, "power, or potentate, "doomed for a certain space to walk" in tortoise shell ; or a masquerading fairy, condescending for some elfish purpose to visit this "middle earth," who will by no means fail to repay with interest any indignities offered to his *pro tempore* person, and make us—Now, all confusion seize the miscreant that made that slide for our unwary feet to tread upon ! Here, you ! policeman ! lend us a helping hand up, will you ! The feline accomplishment of falling always upon one's legs would have saved us a considerable shock somewhere else just at this moment ! We, that have only one life to lose, seldom manage to tumble without a bruise at least, while a wretch of a cat, with nine times the number, may fall from the clouds themselves without a parachute, and come down as comfortably as if granite were three-piled velvet, and asphalt eider-down. There certainly is a sort of "charmed life" about a cat, which goes far to justify our ancestors in their belief that they were either spirits of ill, in *propria persona*, or had signed and sealed indentures of partnership with the Archfiend himself. "Care killed a cat," says some modern Solomon, meaning thereby to point out, both how very difficult it is to kill the said animal, and that, if mental anxiety can effect so arduous an exploit, it can, a *fortiori*, far more easily make an end of a parcel of poor miserable mortals like ourselves. Corollary :—that our sorrows ought to be drowned, like kittens, in their infancy ; and, like Clarence, in good liquor.

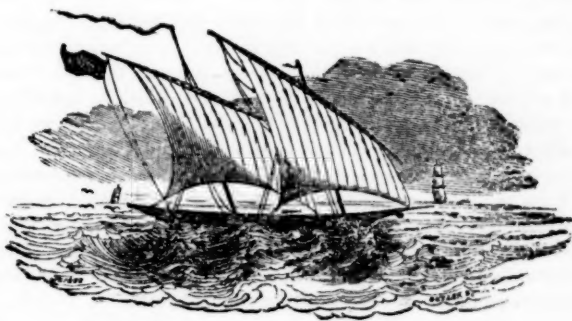
Well, thank goodness, here we are at home ; and not before it is high time either—for there speak the tongues, of which Time has as many as Rumour, though he finds but a far more scanty audience. One, two, three !—twelve o'clock, by all that's horological ! Alas for twelve o'clock ! No longer is it the "very witching time of night" that it was wont to be, no longer, at its pealing summons, the spiritual world sends forth its denizens to frighten us "fools of nature" out of what few senses we possess. Church-yards groan no more ; and though, indeed, the graves do still "give up their dead," it is only to the hands of the body-snatcher. In our modern midnight, staircases creak, and candles burn blue in vain. Does a door fly suddenly open ?—we only confound the wind and slam it to again. Is a mysterious scratching heard ?—we do but anathematize a rat, and turn over to the next page of our book Armed in the strength of mind of the nineteenth century, we can smile at the "airy tongues" and echoing footfalls, the hollow moans and clanking chains, which terrified our grandmothers. There ! that very sound that rose half a second ago, and has hardly yet died away, would, under the reign of Anne Radcliffe, have thrown a whole boarding-school into hysterics. Again !—It might almost be taken for the voice of some indignant ghost, bemoaning himself on his farewell ramble, and pouring forth a melancholy *Vale* to his once constant occupation, so rapidly falling away before the cock-crow of that mental chanticleer, the Schoolmaster Abroad. Once more !—Then must we risk a cold, and look out into the moonlight. Pshaw ! that our usually accurate ears should have been puzzled by old Biddy Skinfint's tom-cat, on the opposite house-top ! The old rascal has just emerged for his midnight ramble, and is merely giving notice to the feline neighborhood that he would be glad of a companion. And lo !—obedient to the summons, from the adjoining gutter, peereth forth the head of the velvet-garbed Tib, prime favorite of the venerable Griselda Pennilove, whom boys irreverently do denominate Grizel : and now, along the very verge of the parapet paceth the daring heroine, greeting, with many a loving tone, the ear of the expectant Tom ; and now she scales, at one bound, the opposing tiles, and stands by his side on the summit : they purr—they wave backwards and forwards their gentle tails—they rub together their loving sides and affectionate noses—entranced in ecstasy of happiness too deep for caterwauling.

But see where, urged on by the "green-eyed monster" Jealousy, stealth towards the pair the unseen Bob, Lord Paramount in the affections of the chaste Susannah Witherspoon. Proudly arches his indignant back, and far flashes his passion-glaring eye ! With one mighty leap he alights full in front of the astonished Tom, who, startled yet undismayed, contemptuously spitting in the face of the foe, collecteth all his force for the inevitable struggle ; while, not far removed, the affrighted Tib, (a feline Dejanira,) awaiteth in piteous suspense the issue of the tremendous conflict, sending forth, ever and anon, her sad mewings for the danger of her favored champion. Him, regardless of her woe, seizeth with tenacious talon the infuriated Bob, not unresisted by tooth and claw on the part of the assailed : and now more shrilly soundeth the plaintive voice of her, "teterima belli causa ;" more loudly peal the yells of the maddened rivals, as, locked in an inextricable embrace, they wage the unrelenting warfare—nobly emulous of those traditional warriors of the tribe, who erst, in fair Kilkenny, swallowed each other in the intensity of their rage, leaving behind them not a wreck, save the tip of a single tail, to point out the scene of cannibalism. And now from many an attic window protrudeth many a nightcapped head, disturbed from its peaceful pillow by the fury of the strife ; and rise to many a tongue curses "not loud but deep" upon cats in general, and the unconscious combatants in particular. In vain ;—fast and far, along the echoing roofs, speed to the scene the partisans of either chief, to mingle in the gathering *melée*. Not otherwise, when, in that classic region where seven distinct dials proclaim the progress of time, some daring youth of Munster, with heart-cutting words, hath aroused the indignation of Connaught's hardy son, from every quarter of the surrounding territory pour forth the children of potato bearing Ierne, rejoicing in the anticipation of battle, regardless of the cause, in aid of either disputant : till, plunged into the thickest of the fray, and undiscerning friend from foe in the excess of their excitement, they deal forth their blows indiscriminately on all around them, to the great glory of the Emerald Isle, and the exceeding terror of the new police. Positively the scene is growing exciting—The combat deepens ! "on, ye brave, who rush to glory or"—Hah ! yonder old gentleman in the attic, provoked beyond forbearance, is growing desperate ; he is about to purchase a night's quiet at an awful sacrifice of crockery ! We see him nervously grasping his water-jug in his better hand, evidently balancing in his mind the wrath of his landlady against his own personal comforts ;—he longs, yet lingers ;—now he raises, as if resolved, the dreadful missile—and now again imagination conjures up the morning's frowns and chidings, and he wavers in his bold design.

To the rescue ! ho !—a reinforcement of no less than three sturdy Toms rushing to the fray catches his eye—he hesitates no longer—he elevates the death-fraught engine—he whirls it forward—Bah ! a bad shot, but effectual : crash goes the jug upon the tiles into ten thousand fragments ! bursts forth one loud, short, simultaneous screech, followed by a sound as of much spitting !—five-and-twenty tails stream and whirl aloft for a moment, like meteors, and

"Have they melted in earth or vanished in air ?
We see not, we know not,—but nothing is there."

In go the heads—down go the windows :—one minute just to "put out the light, and then,"—why then, we'll forgive the cat that manages to wake us for the next nine hours, that's all.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

JOTTINGS DOWN.—THE TOURNAMENT.

NUMBER TWELVE.

After witnessing the disasters of the first day, the demolition of costumes, and the perils by water of masqueraders and spectators, it was natural to fancy that the Tournament was over. So did not seem to think several thousands of newly arrived persons, pouring from steamer after steamer upon the pier of Ardrossan, and, in every variety of costume, from the shepherd's maud to the courtier's satin, crowding to the rail cars for Eglinton. It appeared from the chance remarks of one or two who came to our lodgings to deposit their carpet bags, that it had rained very little in the places from which the steamers had come, and that they had calculated on the second as the great day of the joust. No dissuasion had the least effect upon them, and away they went, bedeck'd and merry, the sufferers of the day before looking out upon them, from comfortable hotel and lodging with prophetic pity.

At noon the sky brightened, and as the cars were running by this time with diminished loads, I parted from my agreeable friends, and bade adieu to my garret at Ardrossan. I was bound to Ireland, and my road lay by Eglinton to Irvine and Ayr. Fellow passengers with me were twenty or thirty men in Glengarry bonnets, plaids, etc., and I came in for my share of the jeers and jokes showered upon them, by the passengers in the return-cars, as men bound on a fruitless errand. As we neared the castle, the crowds of people with disconsolate faces waiting for conveyances, or standing by the re-opened gingerbread carts in listless idleness, convinced my companions at last, that there was nothing to be seen, for that day at least, at Eglinton. I left them sitting in the cars, undecided whether to go or return without losing their places, and seeing a coach marked "Irvine" standing in the road, I jumped in without question or ceremony. It belonged to a private party of gentlemen, who were to visit the castle and tilting-ground on their way to Irvine, and as they very kindly insisted on my remaining, after I had apologised for the intrusion, I found myself "booked" for a glimpse of the second day's attractions.

The avenue to the castle was as crowded as on the day before, but it was curious to remark, how the general aspect of the multitude was changed by the substitution of disappointment for expectation. The lagging gait and surly silence, instead of the elastic step and merry joke, seemed to have darkened the scene more than the withdrawal of the sun, and I was glad to wrap myself in my cloak and remember that I was on the wing. The banner, flying at the castle tower, was the only sign of motion I could see in its immediate vicinity, the sail-cloth coverings of the pavilion were dark with wet, the fine sword was every where disfigured with traces of mud, and the whole scene was dismal and uncomfortable. We kept on to the lists, and found them, as one of my companions expressed it, more like a cattle-pen after a fair than a scene of pleasure—trodden, wet, miry, and deserted. The crowd, content to view them from a distance, were assembled around the large booths on the ascent of the rising ground toward the castle, where a band was playing some merry reels, and the gingerbread and ale venders plied a busy vocation. A look was

enough, and we shaped our course for Irvine, sympathising deeply with the disappointment of the high-spirited and generous Lord of the Tournay. I heard at Irvine, and farther on, that the tilting would be renewed and the banquet and ball given on the succeeding days; but after the wreck of dresses and peril of health I had witnessed, I was persuaded that the best that could be done would be but a slender patching up of the original glories, as well as a halting rally of the original spirit of the tournament. So I kept on my way.

An hour after leaving Irvine, I stepped from the rail-car upon the ground hallowed by the birth and memory of Burns. Prosaic as was the conveyance, the poetry of the association was irresistibly predominant, and the common thought, that Burns's eye had rested often on the same spot, gave to the walls of the old houses in the street, a sort of countenance which seemed peculiar and responsive. The river Ayr, which I crossed by the bridge which has been glorified by the muse of the Ayrshire bard, was like a sheet of gold with the glory of a fine sunset, and if Burns had chosen the light for a pilgrim to see first upon his home, it could not have been more fitting to the spirit of the spot. The venerable "Auld Brigg" a little further up the river, and some picturesque old buildings, form a beautiful picture from the "New Brigg," and a very handsome street, entirely Metropolitan in its style, lets you immediately into the heart of the town. I had had an impression that Ayr was a more rural place.

A visit to the birth-spot and home of Burns seemed of course indispensable. The cottage is two miles from Ayr, however, and the tournament had "used up" every thing in the shape of a horse for twenty miles round; I was excessively lame from my eight mile trudge to Ardrossan the night before, and there was but a scant hour left of the daylight. "Not a bed to be had, Sir," from the landlord, and just one place in the night-mail for Port Patrick, decided the question; and looking for the seat accordingly, I promised myself a completion of my pilgrimage hereafter, and took a slow limp through the principal street till dinner-time.

So unlike was Ayr to my previous conception of it, and so difficult is it always to displace the *ideal* by the *real*, that with my mind full of Burns, I could not associate him farther than my first impression went, with any thing I saw. The pavement under my feet was worn and old, and doubtless was there in the poet's time, and often trodden by him in his walks through the town; but directly against it, was a smart row of shops with gas lights, and new fashions, india-rubber cushions, and "Nicholas Nickleby," and the ghost of the poet "fought shy." So my memory of Ayr *real*, is of a tidy and smart Scotch town, where I bought a Glengarry bonnet from a shop with plate-glass windows, and Ayr *ideal* remains as it was—a sequestered and sweet village by a river side, with paths through the meadows, and a church spire among the trees.

The landlord of the Inn had informed me that there was a *table d'hôte* at rather a later hour than that at which I had ordered my dinner, and as dining alone is, I believe, a pleasure to no one but an Englishman, I preferred what some one of the elegant travellers in America calls "eating at a trough." I set down at the appointed hour with eight or nine strangers to a very capital dinner, and to my surprise, (for I never saw an instance of it before in Great Britain) conversation immediately became general, every man took wine with his neighbour, and a private dinner party could not have been more courteous and social. The wine (a very economical plan, by the way) was ordered for the whole company, instead of each person taking a bottle to himself, and the cost was divided and charged equally on our bills. I think my share of port and sherry amounted to eighteen pence—rather less than we pay for "our will" out of two bottles at the "troughs" in America.

Scotland and Ireland very nearly shake hands where the mail set us down at daylight the next morning. We crossed the channel in a steamer in two hours—a pleasant substitute for the twelve to eighteen hours passage from Liverpool to Dublin,—and at Donaghadee, a small port a few miles from Belfast, I set foot for the first time in the diocese of Saint Patrick.

COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE BRITISH QUEEN.

The establishment of a line of steam ships between England and America was an event so momentous in its consequences, and of such vital importance to the commercial interests of our city, that little or no attention has been hitherto paid to the representations of passengers complaining of the inconveniences suffered, of the quality of the fare, and the scantiness of the stores. The New York press seemed with one accord to refrain from any remarks, reflecting on the conduct of either the commanders or the companies employing them, and were loudly expressive of the general joy that this long contemplated achievement was at length so gloriously consummated. It is very evident that this charitable withhold-

ing of all expressions of blame, is now giving place to a fair enquiry into the causes of those complaints, that have been so frequently brought against these wondrous steamers, and the recent representations made by a large number of passengers of the British Queen, through the papers, have given rise to much remark, and caused no little excitement among those interested in the success of the greatest experiment of modern times.

The effect of these public complaints can hardly be otherwise than salutary on the whole, and without actually reflecting on the seamanship, kindness, and urbanity of Captain Roberts. It could scarcely be expected that all would be perfectly satisfied with the discomforts of a sea voyage under the most favourable circumstances, much less that the great number of passengers of the British Queen could all have found their accommodations answering their expectations. But it seems evident that there was some good ground for complaint, which will no doubt be removed in future voyages, and this, we take it, is the object of making the complaints public; and certainly it affords the commander an opportunity of easily amending whatever a majority of his passengers have deemed objectionable.

That such may be the result of the recent publications, *pro* and *con*, we most ardently desire; and that, having removed every just cause of dissatisfaction, this splendid steamer may justify her friends in the encomiums they so lavishly bestow on her superior excellence.

THE RUMOURED DEATH OF LORD BROUGHAM.

The readers of the Corsair have so often been indebted to the pen of this distinguished man for some of the most masterly sketches of character, and the most lucid expositions of political affairs, that ever graced our columns, that we have no doubt they will read with pleasure some account of the circumstances which gave rise in London to a report of his Lordship's death, and especially the extracts from different London papers, announcing the supposed melancholy fact.

On Monday evening, the 21st ultimo the report reached London that Lord Brougham, with two friends, left Brougham Hall in Westmoreland, for the purpose of visiting some ruin in the neighbourhood: that the axle-tree of the carriage broke: the horses became unmanageable; the whole party was thrown out; and, after his Lordship had received a severe wound by a kick from one of the horses, the wheel passed over his head, killing him on the spot. Mr. Leader, it is added, was severely bruised, but Mr. Shafto escaped without material injury. Such was the account generally circulated, and was derived from a letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Shafto.

Such astounding intelligence gave rise to the most intense anxiety and alarm, but the reported facts were received in a shape so free from suspicion, that almost the entire London press gave credence to the fatal news. In the course of the next morning, however, the report was ascertained to be a falsehood, and it turned out, that though Lord Brougham and his friends had gone on an excursion, and their carriage *had* broken down, nobody was hurt except the driver and one of Mr. Shafto's servants. The perpetrator of this wicked and scandalous hoax, it appears, had forged the name of Mr. Shafto, and addressed his letter to one of Lord B.'s personal friends, who believed, and promulgated its contents.

We subjoin a few extracts only from some of the leading London papers, as expressive of the general estimation in which his Lordship is held both by his friends and his political opponents:—

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 22.]

It has been our duty of late to comment with some severity, though not more, we think, than the occasion demanded, on his Lordship's last publication, and on the course of political action which it seemed to forebode. Whatever expectation or apprehension it might suggest, is now stilled for ever; and the feelings excited by that work are merged in those which embrace his whole life, character, and political career. In variety of attainment, facility of expression, energy of purpose; in the grandeur of forensic eloquence; in the declamation that makes a debater impressive to his audience, and the sarcasm that renders him most formidable to an opponent—in an untiring continuance of intellectual labour—in the fervent championship of many great objects of national philanthropy and improvement—and in that familiar personal acquaintance, so important to the practical statesman, with the modes of thought and feeling that obtain through all the different gradations of society, Lord Brougham stood pre-eminent amongst his political contemporaries. He well earned, by long toil, splendid effort, and gradual ascent, the elevation to which he attained; not that merely of rank and station, but of celebrity and influence. Even before he achieved, and after he was divested of office, no man more surely fixed upon himself the attention of England and of Europe—of the old world and the new.

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 22.]

We must confess to such a stunning of the spirits and subduing of the heart, at the news of this frightful termination of Lord Brougham's life, that we fear we cannot write about the event as our readers may possibly expect that we should. Well as we know that death must be the lot of all men—of the gifted and the brilliant, the great and the glorious, as well as of the most ordinary man that merely eats and drinks and lives—well as we know this, we cannot at the moment bring this philosophy home to

the reason. The eclipse of a great mind darkens, as well as saddens the realm of our conceptions.

Lord Brougham was one of the greatest, and perhaps the most extraordinary men of his time. The range of his intelligence was prodigious, the versatility of his mental powers amazing. But that in which he was distinguished above all other men, was in a long-enduring passionate energy.

As an orator, he in his time distanced all competitors. There were far more elegant speakers, more skilful rhetoricians; but in Demosthenic force and clearness, and in the physical requisites for captivating and conquering a great assembly by the powers of oratory, no man of his time was equal to Lord Brougham.

Upon matters of political opinion it has been our fate always to differ from Lord Brougham. Even of late, when others of our party were wholly with him, we felt that we could not be so. But we cannot dwell upon that now. He is gone—torn away by a horrid and violent death, while his mind was yet in its full vigour, and his spirits as elastic and buoyant as ever! We have no feeling now with respect to him but that of grief. The most wonderful genius that belonged to public life is no more, and we, as belonging to the public, are grief-stricken mourners over his untimely grave.

[From the Morning Herald, Oct. 22.]

Should, however, the rumour unfortunately be confirmed, the public will have lost a servant of great and varied talents, as well as of a kindly and generous nature. To very many of Lord Brougham's principles and opinions we are strongly opposed. In many respects, we deem him to have been an unwise and dangerous councillor; yet we are little disposed to question the honesty of purpose with which he sought to carry his opinions into action. "The web" of Lord Brougham's public life has, indeed, "been a mingled yarn—good and ill together." But his impulses were of an honest kind; and his death will not, in many quarters, be unattended with deep and lasting regrets.

[From the Standard, Oct. 22.]

Our own opinion of Lord Brougham's claim upon the respect and affection of his countrymen, has been long known to our readers. We have ever given his Lordship credit for a lofty spirit, a powerful mind, and a good heart—natural gifts, the full effect of which was indeed impaired by his education in the worst possible school—the school of the cold and conceited Scotch philosophy of the end of the last century—by his Lordship's early entanglement in fierce provincial politics, and by his long-continued connexion with a party the most eminently calculated to foster the vices of such an education and of such an early bias. All who knew any thing of Lord Brougham's personal character and personal history, were well aware that whatever appeared most objectionable in his public conduct, was the very contrast of his private practice; that the most disingenuous and acrimonious debater in the House of Commons, was a man of the most simple and kindly conversation in private society; that he who too often slighted the obligations of honour and generosity in his professed doctrine, formed his own life upon the most honourable model, and indulged in a generous temper beyond what ordinary prudence would justify; or, to say all in one word, that the chief promoter of the cold-hearted new Poor-law Bill, was one who had actually, without a murmur, sacrificed himself to the interests of his friends and kindred.

[From the Times, October 23.]

Had a man with the attributes of Lord Brougham, and filling his position in the eyes of men, been really destroyed by such an abrupt, and, what we may almost term unworthy casualty, the shock would scarcely have confined itself to the bosoms of his friends. Those political adversaries who deeply censured his eccentricities, or even who looked upon him as an agent and a statesman with the utmost distrust or contempt, would have been startled by the contemplation of so large a mass of living activity and vivacity struck motionless by the mechanical violence of a moment.

Our contemporaries have made the late inhuman falsehood (whether a written forgery or a verbal misrepresentation, it matters little) the text for laboured commentaries on the learned lord's proceedings, his life, and public character. To expatiate at length upon such topics, would require an exercise of pen or speech almost as cumbrous as his Lordship's own productions. He has been for a period equal to that of an entire generation, the most voluminous of writers, the most voluble of debaters, and of actors, if not the most efficient and successful, at any rate the most restless and indefatigable.

In society, as one of the most agreeable, amusing, witty, kindly, and convivial of associates, there is no individual capable of filling the space which would have been left void by Lord Brougham's untimely exit.—There are a multitude of friends who loved him for what he was and is, as there are of observers who have admired him for what he might have been. But solid post in the great political world he has none—followers he has none; reasonable prospects of influence or power, or gratified ambition, he has none. There is no party, whether "Movement" or Conservative, that would venture to employ him otherwise than as a transient ally; as a partner, or a colleague, never. Setting aside all affectionate or private feelings, those members of both parties who are best acquainted with Lord Brougham, and have tried him, would, after a little while, have felt his removal a lightening of many cares and a release from many imminent embarrassments. For it is by impulses of temper or of pique, more of a selfish than even a capricious nature, and abstracted from all broad or distant considerations of national or general good, that the course of this impetuous, and in some respects formidable adventurer on the scenes of public life, has hitherto been shaped and directed.

[From the Sun Oct. 22.]

Thank God, Lord Brougham still lives! The report of his death turns out, as we hoped, to be unfounded; and we may now congratulate our countrymen on their still possessing one of the most comprehensive intellects that ever graced its literature, and one of the noblest hearts that ever beat high in the cause of freedom. We know not that we ever penned a sentence with more genuine satisfaction than this. A load seems taken off our mind—we breathe more freely, and bend in devout gratitude to Providence for preserving that life so dear to us all. At an early hour this

morning, having previously distrusted the vague rumors of his death, we instituted the most active inquiries, and learned, on the authority of a private letter, not only that his lordship received no injury from the overthrow of the carriage, (*which by the by was not a hired one, but his own*), but that he actually walked upwards of thirteen miles after the accident! Thank God, we again say, for his providential escape! Freedom, philosophy, science—all that tends to elevate, purify and ennoble the human character; all that tends to make us good men and good citizens, and to raise us in the scale of thinking beings; all this is the better for Lord Brougham's fortunate escape from death. While he lives, freedom still possesses a "tower of strength;" for he is the last of a race of Titans, whose unrivalled energies have never yet been exerted but for the advancement of the best interests of humanity.

[From the Courier, Oct. 22.]

Comparing this praise of Lord Brougham deceased with the virulent vituperation of Lord Brougham living, we cannot but be struck with the vast difference in the party estimation of a political antagonist alive and dead. Happily, however, we trust, for his country and for himself, the terrible antagonist of the feeble and tottering Ministry still lives; "whatever expectation or apprehension" his Lordship excited in the minds of Ministers and their adherents, is not yet "stilled forever." The public will be pleased that the great orator of modern times still exists to justify the expression of Sir Samuel Romilly, that "there is no fun out of opposition." In short, every body will be pleased, not excepting the *Morning Chronicle*, who must be particularly pleased to find that it has lavished all its admirable encomiums on an antagonist who is likely to take his place in the House of Lords next session, instead of being comfortably deposited in Westminster Abbey; and that it has had the opportunity of discovering in the deceased statesman various brilliant and useful qualities which it was unable to perceive in the living politician.

EVACUATION DAY.—It has always seemed to us that this annual rejoicing on the 25th of November, owed its continuance more to the natural inclination of school boys to enjoy a holiday, and therefore to insist on its observance, than to any actual disposition on the part of the community generally, to consider it one of those festivals in which all were disposed to participate with eagerness and spirit. To be sure, it is commemorative of an event in which the ancient families of this city felt the greatest interest, and which they were disposed for a time to keep in lively remembrance by an annual resuscitation of their original happiness, when their homes and their firesides were no longer invaded by the enemies of their common country. But the time has gone by for the present inhabitants to indulge with much feeling, in the demonstrations of joy for what was at best only one of the consequences of victory achieved elsewhere, and which is not prominently conspicuous among the great events of the Revolution.

Had it been otherwise, we should have greatly deplored the inauspicious morning on Monday, when the lowering skies and the drenched earth afforded but a dismal prospect for enjoying the usual military display. Guns were fired at early dawn, and other demonstrations of grateful observance were made during the day, but the common evidences of hilarity and general sympathy were hardly to be recognised, and Evacuation Day passed off with little to distinguish it from the other days of the week.

GRAND BANQUET TO THE EARL OF EGLINTON.—Such are the feelings of respect and gratitude entertained toward Lord Eglinton by his friends and neighbours, living in the vicinity of his estate, that they have given him a great dinner at Irvine, expressive of their appreciation of his efforts to afford them a faithful representation of one of the most favourite pastimes of their ancestors. A large company sat down to dinner, and the toasts and speeches indicated great harmony and spirit. The reply of Lord Eglinton, on his health being proposed, is contained in the London papers of the 1st inst., and does him much honour for its pertinency and eloquence. The first civil magistrate of Irvine presided, and the company was composed of the gentry and friends of the family living for miles around.

MR. MOORE'S NEW POEM, ALCIPHON.—The high station occupied by Mr. Moore among the poets of the present century, gives to the announcement of any thing coming from his hands great interest. As yet we have only seen extracts from *Alciphron*, but we are told, that it consists of a versification of a portion of the prose tale of the *Epicurean*, written before that wild and fanciful story was published. It is severely criticised in some of the literary journals of London, while others commend it as worthy the fame and genius of its author. We are pleased to learn that it will soon be republished and for sale in this city. The English edition is got up in a style of uncommon elegance and contains, besides *Alciphron*, the *Epicurean*, with illustrations by Turner, one of the most poetical painters of the day.

JACK SHEPPARD.—This popular story of Mr. Ainsworth has been brought to a close in Bentley's Magazine, and is now collected into two volumes, and published by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia,—for sale here at Wiley & Putnam's. The author of this wild tale is too well known by his

novels,—Rookwood, and Crichton, and the story of the robber Turpin,—to need any commendation for the masterly manner he has depicted the lawless life of his last hero. In describing scenes of villainous enterprize hair-breadth escapes, terrific conflicts, and Tyburn executions, Ainsworth's pen yields to none other in power and interest.

LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.—Whoever would save themselves days of hard study, and pass at once to a full comprehension of the divine beauties of the immortal Bard—most judiciously arranged and most eloquently illustrated,—can never have a better opportunity of doing so, than is offered them by Mr. Simmons. There is but one opinion of the ability of this gentleman to do entire justice to his subject.

His refined taste and his classical attainments eminently qualify him to throw around the grateful theme a charm that commends it to all. The fascinated listener will afterwards turn to the pages of the poet, with a new sense of his merits, and a stronger inclination "to slake his thirst at the fountain of genius." The second lecture will be delivered this evening.

DOUGHTY'S PAINTINGS.—During the past summer this skilful artist has been residing in the vicinity of the Highlands on the North River, and, as we prophesied when he left us in the Spring, he has transferred to his canvas a great variety of the most pleasing and beautiful landscapes which that romantic region affords. Doughty is truly a master of his art, and his warm and lovely pictures are filled with evidences of his genius. Many of them are now on exhibition in this city and require no aid of ours to recommend them to the attention of those who indulge a taste for the beautiful in art.

WOMAN'S MISSION, Edited by Bishop Doane, and published by Wiley & Putnam. This is the first American edition of a very excellent book, most highly commended to female readers by its learned editor. It embraces a variety of such topics as are deemed worthy the especial consideration of every woman. The style is graceful, and the religious instruction which it conveys, will be acknowledged by all its fair readers both practicable and important.

MR. BULWER'S NEW PLAY.—"The Sea Captain, or the Inheritance," is the name of the last production from Mr. Bulwer's prolific pen. Like the other drama's from the same hand, it is a play of one engrossing part. It was written expressly for Mr. Macreddy, and has been produced at the Haymarket, but not with that degree of success which attended the *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*. An English critic thus summarily descants upon its merits and reveals its plot:—

The *Sea Captain* is a disagreeable play, built on a most painful, nay, a most repulsive subject,—the loathing of a mother for her child. Lady Arundel having, as a mere girl, married a page, becomes a mother; the page is killed, and the child (Norman) sent to sea in charge of pirates. The buccaner binds the boy to a plank, making him a sort of sea Mazepa, and casts him into the ocean. He is, however, rescued from the sharks—(and, by the way, in the course of his story, he gives a very particular account of one), and ultimately becomes a captain. He returns to the place of his birth—and is recognised by his mother, who most cordially hates him, lavishing all her love upon Percy, Lord Ashdale, the son of her second marriage. Norman discovers his mother, and in the most passionate manner appeals to her affections; she is, however, a most cold-blooded animal, and sternly repulses him. On this feeling turns the whole of the play. Norman, at length, by a romantic act of generosity, in perfect keeping with the general extravagance of the drama, touches his mother's heart, renounces his titles and estates in favour of Percy, and resolves to marry Violet (whom he had previously rescued from the pirates) and go to sea. With this the play ends.

Some anxiety is felt concerning the packet ship *Ville de Lyon*, which sailed from Havre on the 6th of October, and has not yet arrived. It is understood that there were about fifty two cabin passengers and more than one hundred steerage passengers on board of the vessel at the time she sailed.

Mr. Vandenhoff's performance last night in *Richelieu*, was truly splendid. We have seldom known more intelligent admiration displayed by the audience than on the occasion.—*Nat. Gaz.*

Young Brackett, the Cincinnati sculptor has removed his studio to No. 4 Park Place, where a splendid sample of his talent may be seen in the bust of Dr. Allan G. Smith, of this city.

The General Assembly of Virginia, will assemble at Richmond, on Monday next, simultaneously with the meeting of Congress.

Lady Seymour has been attracting great attention in Edinburgh, on account of her reign at the Eglinton tournament, as the Queen of Beauty.

On leaving Old Grey Friars Church, on Sabbath, she was followed by crowds of people.—*Glasgow Courier.*

FOREIGN PERSONAL NEWS.

WINDSOR, Sunday Evening.

HER MAJESTY'S APPROACHING NUPTIALS.—Notwithstanding the strong assertions which have been made to the contrary, it is not only currently rumored here, but positively stated in those circles which ought to be well informed on the subject, that at the privy council, which will be held at the castle to-morrow, parliament will be prorogued to an early day before Christmas, "then to sit for the despatch of business," when the intended alliance of her Majesty with Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg will be officially announced to the legislature. It would be idle to speculate upon the probable time when this event will take place; though we may state it is rumored that it will occur in the month of March, or in the early part of April next.

The Paris papers contain particulars of an attempt by a mad woman to injure the King and Queen of France by throwing a stone into their carriage—

A circumstance occurred on Friday evening, at half-past five o'clock, which created a temporary alarm in the French capital. The King, Queen, and royal family were going from the Tuileries to St. Cloud, when just as the first carriage (in which were seated their Majesties and Madame Adelaide) had passed out of the palace gates, a woman advanced and endeavoured to force her way to the carriage door. The escort attempted to drive her back, when she raised her arm and flung a large stone at the window. The stone fell without doing any injury to the royal party, but part of the broken glass struck the Queen's neck and drew a little blood. The carriages were immediately stopped, but the King seeing that the wound was of no importance, ordered the escort to continue their journey to St. Cloud. The woman was arrested and carried to the police, but it became evident, on examination, that she was deranged.—Her name is Stephanie Girodet, and her condition that of a servant. This incident caused for some time a great deal of excitement at Paris, as it was at first supposed that it was mixed up with some republican movement; but after the nature of the examination of the prisoner became known, the public mind was appeased. The King showed great calmness and presence of mind.

Last week rather a strange accident happened to Lord Segrave in his way to the field. His lordship was travelling rapidly across the common near Oldtown in his carriage and four, when the fore part of the carriage suddenly separated from the rest, and the equipage fell down in front; his lordship's face came against the glass, but was, we are happy to hear, only slightly cut. The servant who sat behind was thrown out, but not much injured. We understand that the postillions, unaware of what had occurred, continued after the accident to drive on with merely the fore part of the carriage, until some gentlemen on the ground rode up and apprised them of the accident.

RICHES MAKE THEMSELVES WINGS.—Moralists have said that no man ought to be congratulated till he is in his coffin. The *Mechanics' Magazine* states, in the biography of Mr. James, the projector of the railway system, that he was in 1812 worth £150,000, and lived to lose it all.

The once celebrated Beau Brummell is now in a madhouse, at Caen, in Normandy, subsisting on charitable contributions from former friends in England.

When M. de Pontois went to take leave of the King, (says the *Commerce*), his Majesty said, "M. de Pontois, you are undoubtedly a skilful diplomatist, but still there is something wanting in you, in order to be able to represent the Government properly at Constantinople." The King appeared to enjoy for a few moments the confusion of the Ambassador, and then added—"Yes, M. de Pontois, there is something still necessary, and I give it to you," at the same time putting into his hands his new letters of nobility. On the following day, adds the *Commerce*, the cards of the diplomatist bore the words—"Le Comte Edouard de Pontois."

Mr. Lansdown Moore, the poet's son, is now senior ensign of the 22nd.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The young gentleman was gazetted last week as having purchased his lieutenantancy, and is consequently now the junior lieutenant of the regiment.—*Globe.*

The generosity of Paganini towards M. Berlioz has just been thrown into the shade, (says the *Nouveliste*), by an act of princely munificence of M. Listz. This celebrated piano-fortist, seeing that the subscription which has been opened for a monument to Beethoven had not reached the desired amount, has completed it by the magnificent gift of 60,000f., the entire fruit of his economy.

The Duke of Bedford was attacked by apoplexy on Friday last; he never spoke after the fit, and died on Sunday, at his seat in Scotland. The Duchess of Bedford, Ladies Georgiana and Rachel, Lords Cosmo and Alexander Russell, were at Doane and present at their parent's death. His Grace was seventy-three years old.

There is no Charles Fox to pronounce a funeral oration in the House of Commons upon the death of John Duke of Bedford; though the late Duke deserved to be commemorated by a Whig orator of the old school, as much as his predecessor Francis; for, though an unobtrusive politician, on several occasions he exhibited that independence of character and disdain of Court influence on which the Russells were wont to pride themselves; and even in modern times of Whig corruption from contact with office, it is pleasant to observe that the Russell family are not the everlasting claimants of place and patronage.

A PUZZLING AFFAIR.—Dirk Singer, a Prussian, charged *Tjebbes Rayner*, a Swede, both *snips*, with having put him in bodily fear *a la mode Anglais*.

The witnesses, as well as the principals, were foreigners, and each possessed only as much English as a two months' residence may be supposed to confer.

"Sir," said the complainant, to Mr. Long, "I vas speak som English very little well."

"I shall manage to understand you," said the magistrate.

Sehr, guts Meinher, vary goot. Den I vas call myself some great rogue for noting, and he have say I come myself to dis country for take every body in. Den he sal make his fist for box and knock upon my nose vary much.

Mr. Long—Call your witness.

A Swede came forward.

Mr. Long—What do you know of this matter?

Swede—Ich spreck gein English. Nevare me peak von vort of English.

Mr. Long—Why you are speaking English now. You'll do very well.

Swede—Hah! very littel well I shall thought. Mistare Singer make very bad name, and Mistare Raynar have try for some knock by his head face.

Defendant—He fus provok-a me wis name, and say he can smack my eye ven I have knock my hand into his nose.

Mr. Long—Have you any witness?

A Swiss offered himself without character.

Mr. Long—Were you present when this happened?

Swiss—Iss, sare, dey bote have much loud words. Dis-a man dere call-a my fren a "Jew," ven he am nevare vas von Jew.

Mr. Long—And I suppose this epithet was considered as a sort of affront?

Swiss—Vary mosh, sare. Zo my fren call upon him back as von ver domd schweinhalt, dat is, de hedgehog, and den dey strook von upon another.

Mr. Long—Well, I cannot make out who is in the wrong. I dismiss the warrant.

The foreigners set up an indescribable jabber, and were ushered into the passage.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

This has been a week of benefits, and we are concerned to add that they have been so in name only. The operatic corps continue in their efforts to produce the most popular music of the day, and it is conceded on all hands, that as a whole, the company is unsurpassed by any English troupe of musicians ever playing here, yet there is wanting either the *prestige* of a name, or the fascination of beauty, or a combination of attractions sufficient to fill the house even on a benefit night. It is often asked why additions are not made to the company,—why this one or that is not engaged, as though numerical strength would give any efficiency to the personations. We incline to the belief that there is but one actor on the English stage who could have any influence in resuscitating the languishing fortunes of the Park, and that is Macready. Should he be induced again to visit us, we have no doubt his appearance would be hailed with delight, and crowned with success. Now and then we hear it asserted that such will be the case, but never from a source that gives us much hope that our wishes will be realized.

It would indeed be singular did not the theatres participate in the general severities of the times; but hard as they are, it will scarcely account for the present depression, unless we believe theatrical amusements are more seriously affected than any other entertainments of the season. Concerts, balls, the circus, the menagerie, &c. &c., are well sustained,—lecture rooms are crowded, and the general festivities of the city neither languish, nor are neglected. Still a fine operatic company, an excellent orchestra, and the most sterling comedians in the country, cannot hold forth sufficient attractions to fill the most eligibly situated theatre in the city.

We are happy to learn that Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff will appear at the Park on their return to New York from Philadelphia, where they have been playing with great success. Mr. Vandenhoff is well known and appreciated by our community, but few only have had the pleasure of witnessing the original and admirable personations of his daughter. She is a great acquisition to any theatre, and cannot fail to delight the old frequenters of this house, whom we now hope will find in the sterling performances of this accomplished and beautiful lady, that degree of fascination which so many have acknowledged and fervently commended.

THE NEW CHATHAM.

We are glad to learn that this snug house has been gaining ground from the start, and since the accession from the National company, the amusements have been still more attractive and various. We can scarcely find time to run into any Theatre, but shall no longer forego the pleasure of joining the throng that nightly crowd this pretty edifice, and listen to Scott, the Wallacks, and that green old man, Barnes.

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.

From the N. Y. American.

The old fashioned courtesy and sterling beauty of the following correspondence, so characteristic of the men of the old school, will commend it to the admiration of our readers. It is compiled from Spark's invaluable compilation of the Washington papers:

Dr. Franklin's Letter.

PHILADELPHIA, 16th September, 1789.

"Dear Sir:—My malady renders my sitting up to write rather painful to me; but I cannot let my son-in-law, Mr. Bache, part for New-York, without congratulating you by him on the recovery of your health so precious to us all; and on the growing strength of our new government under your administration. For my own personal ease, I should have died two years ago; but, though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am pleased that I have lived them, since they have brought me to my present situation. I am now finishing my eighty-fourth year, and probably with it my career in this life; but in whatever state of existence I am placed hereafter, if I retain my memory of what has passed here, I shall with it retain the esteem, respect, and affection, with which I have long been, my dear friend,

Yours, most sincerely,

B. FRANKLIN.

To Benjamin Franklin.

NEW YORK, 23d. Sept. 1789.

"Dear Sir:—The affectionate congratulations on the recovery of my health, and the warm expressions of personal friendship, which were contained in your letter of the 16th instant, claim my gratitude. And, the consideration, that it was written when you were afflicted with a painful malady, greatly increases my obligations for it.

Would to God, my dear Sir, that I could congratulate you upon the removal of that excruciating pain, under which you labour, and that your existence might close with as much ease to yourself, as its continuance has been beneficial to our country and useful to mankind; or, if the united wishes of a free people, joined with the earnest prayers of every friend to science and humanity, could relieve the body from pains or infirmities, that you could claim an exemption on this score. But this cannot be, and you have within yourself the only resource to which we can confidently apply for relief, a philosophic mind.

If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know, that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured, that, so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection, by your sincere friend,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

A "SLY DRIVE" FROM THE POST-OFFICE TO PARLIAMENT STREET.

PENNY PLANS AND PUZZLING PROGNOSTICS.

Coach and Horses, Smartings-le-Grand, Oct. 1839.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow John Broad to touch his brim to ye, being a fellow-whip in the world of Letters, and coachman of the Reading mail. I pay great attention to newspapers, and knows as well as Lord John as when the "leaders" hang back (pertickler the Black uns, as has such Chronical-kicking fits,) they want the needful, and often Lord John and me has had to tip it 'em. A good many other things I'm up to; but I confess them ministers, with their queer tricks, completely flabbergasted me lately. What lots of talk they made about their love of edication and schools! but, like other great boys, you see they was precious glad to "break up for the holidays," and began jumping over one another's backs in the reglar way when school's done. Poor Howweak can't "tuck in his twopenny" enuf for 'em, so he's turned out of the game for one as can. Then Namby-pamby shuffles with Bustle Rustle; and—but you know all about it—it's a capital plan of giving John Bull a new ministry, eh? Reglar Gretny road business, though; just the way the stable-boys pops the young lovers' blowed hacks into old dad's pochay, when he comes rattling up after 'em, puffing, and swearing, and grumbling,—but paying smartly all the while for the cripples.

Well, we'll give 'em another trial. They're going to do fine things next year; at least Lord John said to me 'tother day,—“Mr. B.” says he, “we hope for to do a good deal” (or “a good many,” I ain't pos which he said);—“give us a trial—that's ail we wants—a trial, Mr. B.”

“Well, my Lord John,” says I, “I think you ought to have one—every man Jack of ye.”

“Thankee,” says he dooberously; but added, “time, time, Mr. B., is all we asks; our motto is—”

“Temp us fudge it,” says I.

“Exactly so,” says he.

Well, never mind, Mr. Editor, they're brought down on their Barings already, you see, and this shews they are finding their level.

But, Mr. O. Y., what do you think of my fundymantal friend, Spring Rise, as has Johnsonised his name so finely from “Jump Jim Crow,” to Lord Mount Eagle! The story of the mountain again, eh? As the *Rejected Adds.* say, “the Parturient Mountin has brought forth a Municipal abortion.” I see in your last number, Sir Morgan O'D. says that Melbourne gave “Ganymede” this goosey meed of his services. I'm not sure of that; if you'd axed the “Diner-out” about it a fortnight after it happened, he'd have said, “I ain't aware that sich circumstance has transpired—indeed, believe not—take early opportunity to inquire.” That's his reglar, comfortable, “blessed-are-the-ignorant-for-they-know-nothing” condition.

Spring Rise is a deep fellow, though; he always did appear to be very busy, and got off with doing precious little; he's like them horses as I call “scramblers,” as seems to be galloping very hard if you only look at two legs, but when you watch 'tother two, you find it's all gammon.

He's a sly dog, howsomever. Last July he suggested to me to write a joking letter to you about a matter between him and me and the post, in such a way as to give Rowling Hill a upset, while he might think I was a-driving up agin the oppysition. "But," says I, "it's a dirty job, Spingy—a kind of flying dustman's business, and I won't do it. I've always admired the mail character, and being one of its stoutest supporters, I aint capable to stoop to any thing as is low."

Howsomever, Mr. Editor, as a reelly upright and consequencious man, I admit the penny measure contains many pints of objections: a few of 'em I mean to notice, though maybe some will be too ready to smile at my pretensions; for it's not many a lass! as knows what a mailcoachman reelly is. Indeed, very few people's aware of the importance of his situation; few knows it's the only perfect spesiment of monarkal govment. But let me tell 'em, a man on his box is evry inch a king!—all the nob's is under him, and he rules the dustineyes of them on top like another Roofus. He is willing to forward 'em, and has the means of advancement at his fingers' ends; but he takes precious good care to keep 'em under his thumb. If the horses seems too anxious for a change, or for somebody else to rein over 'em, he just sarves 'em as Laughyet did the French—he touches 'em up with a Fillip, and leaves 'em to find out they don't like it. Now, there may be more noted sovereigns in Europe, but are they as happy as a mailcoachman? Is the Queen of Portugal, as sends them grapes so signifying of the jarring interests of her kingdom? Is Cobuggy Leopold, as is rightly called by his ragtag-and-bobtail subjects "The King of Bell-Jim ansetra?" Is Christiny, as turned poor Spain into a Vauxhall for Don Lazy Evans and his ironical mountebanks and fireworks, and now hob-a-nobs with Palmy and Maroto, and turncoats and traitors, "bribers and corrupters?" Would any Christian coachman come down to be king of either of them sufferinties? Certainly not! nor yet of insultan Turkey; nor plaguey Egypt; nor retallowating Russia; nor gambling, Loocyified France; nor, indeed ("real luck tainty Melbourne," as Lyndhurst says) of —anetra, anetra?

Well, Mr. Editor, I've now give you some notion of my station; and I suppose you guess as, though I'm temperate at home, I mixes a good deal in public? You are right in that gnostication. There's not a subject concerning England but what's talked over on my box. One night I gets a high Tory up beside me, as admires the country even in a fog, and shudders that railroads run it through in so many places. Another time creeps up a half-breed in a hairy cap, as calls himself a Liberal Whig, and swears the d—d climate and weather, like every thing else here, just panders to the aristocratic "insides," making 'em feel more snigger in their berths because the poor devils is left to stick in the mud. Next I gets a Nutler Radical as stands for nothing, and vows double pikes agin twadling ministries of knife-and-fork lords, and bedchamber ladies as bolsters 'em up. Another evening, Mr. White's Blackmore, or Mr. Green's Valley mounts the box, and groans over the rage for four-and-nine gossamers, whitybrown "felts," cheap tailors, and "indelible ink" makers. "Perkisites," says the valley, "ain't worth having now." "Massa's tings," says blacky, like him new wife's temper, praps look well in de sample, but we fin 'em debilish bad in de wear. Anetra, anetra.

Now, among such different people, I, of course, hears various opinions; and, on most of 'em, my mind can horse its own coach. But there is a matter as touches me home; and after hearing all sides, insides and out-sides, I confess, as Melbourne says, I'm dooberous of the result. This subject, as I've hinted, is Rowling Hill's postage. The Chartists may like his penny plan, as they're so fond of "change," and dont wish to keep a sovereign; but them as has to look to the sterling interests of the country, I'm afereed will find at the end of the year they can't come down with the ready. Perhaps over-Baring Lord John and his lot, in that case, won't mind waiting till the next year for their wages—they'll then be post-paid—as will then be all the fashion at the Exchecky, I'm afereed. I had a talk with Dan Kennell, as drives the Stroud, and his guard, Joe; but I needn't tell you I got little out of 'em, as the beggar said—they always drives 'tother road to that. Howsomever, Dan winked; and says he, "By the lard, it'll niver do any good." "Na," says Joe, "it 'ull only do the ravenoo, and that's never gude noo."

But on these matters I leave others to work the coach till October next; and then, may be, I shall look at their way-bill. I've got many doubts, howsomever, about the plan. What I'm most afereed of is, as it will be a newscence to the people as can't read and write, and more so to them as can and don't want. Suppose, for instance, the gals at the inns on the road where we, and specially the day-coachmen, makes a pint to stop—for there's always a young daughter or niece to every inn—they draws the custom as well as the beer, and are ginrally in good spirits to make up for the grog, as is always down in the mouth enough for any melancholly tee-toeteller (even that reel 'un Lord Stan'up).—I say, suppose all these young creatures (bless their harts!) right along the road should be in love with a coachman (as is too often the case!) and summit turns up to throw him or the dear gals off the road,—why, as it is now, he'd hear no more of 'em; they can't afford to pay 8d. or 1s. a time for letters, and dont expect him to do it. But by the new law the money will go at a penny a time, and they'll think nothing of 2d. or 3d. a day,—that's if the sender is to pay. Well, now, gals in love are wery impatient, and writes letters as quick as agetated play-actors; three a-day will be nothing, when a gal's got all sorts of things runnin in her head, and a runnin-hand to follow 'em up. Well, now, if there's only 12 inn's on a long stage (and my friend Lord Brewem knows that's far below the mark) every wholesome-looking coachman must make up his mind to receive at least 35 letters a day!—Now, I asks, is it Pollytick to encourage Bell's Letters at this rate? I hear you say 'tis not. Mr. Malthus ought to have left a young post-malthus, to put a stop to such increased letter-popelation. Can't Miss Martino set her head to work on the pint? it's often run agin the post afore.

But I have taken the favourablist view. What will be our situation if the receiver is to stand Sam for the postage? The thought's a staggerer: let's run over the consequences. No gal will then curb her hart, even if it kicks and snorts every minute to be off. No; she'll pop a billy into the box every hour for Joseph (or whomsoever he may be); and assure herself "Mister Joseph is not a man as refuses to take in a penny letter

from a lovely and confidin gal." Of course not—of course not. Joseph's to pay all, and read all, and answer all! But how's it to be done?—We must turn teetots for want of time to drink; and as for reading and writing replies, Victoria must have our boxes turned round in front, for desks, and allow us a "private seketary," as Melbourne has for this Amy-able sort o' business. By the boy, his late one deserved the lift he's got; he must have had hard work to keep all snug. I fear it would often have been with the Prim Minister,

"Love in a tub, and the bottom fell out,"

if he hadn't had such a clever and Honourable Cooper.

But, Mr. Editor, what won't this Rowling Hill's plan do for bissness!—If such as me gets 30 or 40 a day, what are large concerns to get?—Why, some thousans, and all done up in kivers (perhaps)—they must keep people to sell 'em, like peas in Common Garden! Little traders will feel it smartly as a very tight-waste and small-sleeve person on the box said 'tother night. Says he, "It'll play the devil among u—among the tailors; for them dandies with Stultzified intellects will be sendin every five minits, to countymand this button, and alter that trimming, and to cut this, and slice that, and let out the other, ansetra, ansetra (to say nothing of the risk of a "take in" after the coat goes home). Milliners and dressmakers (says he) will be served worsar,—for womens always great screws to their own sex, and feels pleasure in nailing 'em; they'll grumble at "five-and-ninepence for making," and send a dozen penny-posters to be paid out of it, questing as many waiting upons and try ons. You think (says he) them postages might appear in the account? Try it. No, no; women are real bakers' rasps for taking the browns off poor needle-drivers as try to get a crust. The smirkin "nice young man" at the hosier's or mercer's may "Mem" or "Miss" 'em out of double the worth of the "pretty-size silk stockings as will fit you beautiful, mem," ansetra, and gain sweet smiles for his impudence; but the "young person at the milliner's" is "a stupid thing, like her missus, and her missus is "a nasty ex-orbitant creature!"

There seems truth in all this, Mr. Editor; whether or not, my passengers ginrally seems to think that business will all be turned into writing and reading; and the only people as will be able to stick to their work will be the blind uns and the savages. As for health, we shall soon find de ks more destructive to the chest than the Ingess to livers; and as for manners, human nature will grow sheepish from confinement to the pen.

But what's to be its effects on morals? This world, Mr. Editor, is quizzitive enuf already; scandle and gossip flourish like weeds on the poor old Brummagem coach-road, and run people down as unconcernedly as them un English, noisy, railway trains on tother road. Old women tell stories of young uns, and the young uns about one another. Tories blow up the Whigs, and the Whigs themselves. The Chartists abuse the Rads, and the Rads turn off their stabbing friends when they come to the sticking-place. Now, all this, and much more, goes on in writing under the old system; but what will be the state of affairs—family, private, and public—when every body may retail libels and scandle, and ensure their being taken in, at "a penny a go?" With the venerable portion of the Fair, the motto will be, "Shew 'em up! only a penny! Begin agin in half an hour!" as old Bartlemy Saunders used to sing out in Smiffield. Saints and sinners will find as every day's been a read-letter day; the schoolboy will become "a penny liner," and send his par the noose every morning; Cockneys have country letters "come hopping" in swarms like frogs; country gals daily accounts from sisters in sarvice, of "how the bonnets is worn here, ansetra;" Hodge and Giles constant favours from brother John, the groom, such as to say "as he went to see Kean in Richid and the ginger-beer was slap up." Ansetra, ansetra. If I chews to run on, I might add a 100 more ways as our coppers will be drained off by this measure; but these pints is samples.

And now what will be the effect on the poor coaches as has to carry the bags (to say nothing of them poor clerks as is to get the sack)? But I'll offer no remarks on this—I prefer stating a curious coincidence. Last night I dreamed was the first night as the petty penny letters reduced our mails to the lowest feemails: I was driving as usual, and Joseph Hume was on the box aside me. All at once, the bags busted with indignation, and caused a precious "spread of information"—the coach trembled to its axle under its weight of sponsibility—the pins riz up agin lynch law, and broke out for liberty; and nuts and screws begun to chatter at their dangerous conduct. Presently a wheel in its turn run off, spite of "Spoke! spoke!" from Hume; while the poor coach, conscious of his presence, and no longer on all-fours, tried to work its sum of troubles by rule o three—but at length came down, with a "dot and — carry nothing!" The mumber for Kilkennel was picked out of the gutter half dead, bottling up mud and revenge for October 5, 1840. I came down smack on my face, and—waked! Mr. Editor, this appears to me an omynose warning!

Lastly, hows the supply of writing materials to be kept up? Them nasty sly envelopes must be hawked like sprats, and writing paper soon cover the face of the land. Signboards, "Best price for Linen Rags," will bob agin one's head at every step; and no man must hope to get his old shirts mended—while the number of his good uns will become more pocryphal every time his washywoman counts 'em. Quills will be torn, quilly-nilly, from poor geese, afore half plump for the spit, leaving the un-fortunate birds (as Mr. Gruntly Barkly would say), like game cocks, to die of "pluck." Steel pens must be sowed like oats; and the only way to supply enuf ink will be for to steep them tiresome Blacks in vinegar, and soliquidate the £20,000,000.

But again I asks, as Brewem does of restricting dram-drinking, what will be the moral effect of all these doings? Scandle, as I've said, will be increased—love letters "grow too thick to come to any thing"—libels be more numerous than lawyers—2d. postmen sweated down to 1d. uns—business stopped by scribbling customers—quiet people bored to death—"Lifes and Correspondences" of Jenkins's, Fubbs's, and o'ther great folks, occupy a library, instead of 2 vols. 4to—short-hand writrs not be half short enuf—acts of parleyment wanted to make St. Val-n-

tine's delivery last a week—lots of doors setting one agaping with their open-mouthed letter-boxes; for some folks' knockers, inges and bells won't last a week, if postee is to be "answered" every time—poor servant-maids run off their legs apostrophising missus's letters, and natty footmen have time for nothing but to read their own. In short, peace and comfort won't be nowhere to be found. It will be a universal penny "chaos is come agin"—climbiys always on fire—distraction at a discount—and a national yearning for the return of the dark ages, and no revival of letters! Ansetra, ansetra. And much of this will be carried on, doubtless, under a secret, unbullish, balletish, plan of kivers to hide bad spellin', or summit worse! A true Englishman is never afeerd of his hand being looked at; and as for spellin, Mr. Editor, I've no objection to mine bein seen, and shan't kick if I'm shoed up, for I mean to say as I've come off in Capital Whew! there's the horn ablowing—I must toddle. Joe's in his tantrums, or he wouldn't risk the fine: he knows that Newplice Act only lous him to blow when he gets out of London, where there's nobody to hear, and nothing to run over. Poor fellow, he's adying of wind already; he'll never stand it. Would you be—there he goes agin! We shall be fined, by gum! Coming—coming, Joe! Good boy, Mr. Editor.

Yours,

JOHN BROAD.

THE GROCER.*

A SATIRICAL PORTRAIT.

From Pictures of the French, drawn by Themselves.

BY H. DE BALZAC.

Devoid of feeling and gratitude must they be, who pass with indifference before the sacred threshold of a Grocer's door. Be the slouch-capped boy of the establishment ever so dirty and hideous,—be the jolly master ever so fresh and rosy, I regard them both with solicitude, and treat them with the same respect as is entertained towards their class by the *Constitutionnel*. I pass a king, or a bishop, or a funeral in the street without the least notice; but a Grocer, never. I fancy our French Grocer, whose dynasty is at most but a hundred years old, to be one of the best types of modern society. How resigned is he under unmerited wrong!—how great in usefulness and benefits!—what good things do we owe to him!—what light springs from him!—what sweetness in him has its source! Is he not the American envoy, the Indian ambassador, the African plenipotentiary!—all this is he; and, best of all—without knowing anything about it.—Does the Obelisk know it is a monument!

Laughing is mighty well, but think first at whom! Did you ever go into a Grocer's shop without a gracious smile and a doffing of the hat, while you kept your beaver on! The butcher is rude: the baker pale and sulky: the Grocer alone, always anxious to oblige, shows in all quarters of Paris a smiling face. And to whom therefore does the foot-passenger apply in his perplexity! Does he tax the science of the crabbed watch-maker!—does he resort to the counter, where, guarded by bastions of meat, sits enthroned the rosy butcher's lady!—does he attack the baker behind his protective railing!—not them does he seek, but the Grocer. There he gets his small change and learns his way: he is sure of this man—the most christian of all tradesmen, although the most laborious—stealing time from himself to give it to the passer-by. Never mind how you disturb him, or what contributions you would levy on him: he is sure to greet you with a bow—nay, if the conversation passes mere question and answer, and grows confidential, the Grocer will show much interest about you. It is more easy, in Paris, to find a woman with a bad figure than a Grocer without politeness. Recollect this as an axiom; the Grocer is the victim of many strange calumnies, against which you can set it.

There are men, who, from a pinnacle of false grandeur,—or of an intellect that has grown squeamish and hard to please,—or of a very fine artistically-cut beard and whiskers, look down and cry *racca* on the Grocer. They have made his name to stand for a proverb, a class, a system, an opinion, a figure as European and encyclopædian as his shop. To express a whole series of insults at once, they cry out to a man, "You are a Grocer." Let us have done with these Diocletians of Groceries. Why do you blame a Grocer! Is it because he has chocolate-coloured, coffee-coloured, or green-tea-coloured breeches!—because he wears blue stockings in slippers!—because the tassel that dangles from his sealskin cap is of dirty green silver or of dingy black gold!—because the triangular fault of his apron reposes on the region of his midriff! Is it this you find fault with, democrats that you are, and anti-like children of labour—for this, which is the praiseworthy emblem of labour! Is it because a Grocer is supposed to know nothing about arts, or literature, or politics! Who is it, pray, that has swallowed up the editions of Voltaire and Rousseau!—who buys the pictures of Dubufe!—who holds in reverence the Legion of Honour!—who cries at the melodrama!—who takes shares in impossible companies!—who reads Paul de Kock!—who caused the triumph of the Postillon de Lonjumeau!—who goes to and admires the museum at Versailles!—who buys gilt clocks, with Mamelukes on the top weeping over their chargers!—who is it that votes for the candidates of the opposition, and at the same time supports the strongest measures of the government!—the Grocer, the Grocer, I say—the Grocer. At the threshold of all

emergencies, be they ever so perplexing, you find him ready and watchful, just as he is at his own door; he does not comprehend everything, but he supports everything by his labour, by his silence, by his energy and by his money! If we are not at this moment savages, Spaniards, or Saint Simonians, thank the noble army of Grocers: for it has maintained all things. Perhaps it would maintain one system as well as another, Republicans, Imperialists, Bourbonists, Louis Philippists, all the same. "To maintain," is the Grocer's motto: if he did not maintain some social system, to whom would he sell! In a great crisis the Grocer is the representative of the consecrated opinion: he advances or he draws back, he speaks or he is silent. In all established humbugs, what a noble belief he has! Prevent him, if you can, from crowding to see the picture of Jane Grey, from subscribing for General Fox's children, from insisting on the restoration of Napoleon's ashes, from swearing by asphaltum, from dressing out his little son like a Polish lancer or a national guard, as the case may be: prevent him, if you can, all you bragging journals, you who bend pen and press to do him honour, you who smile on him, and in your newspaper traps put all sorts of baits to catch Grocers.

He is one of the bowels of society: we have not paid him sufficient attention;—the ancients would have deified him. You are a speculator, say, and have built a street, or perhaps a village. You find some sort of inhabitants; you have caught hold of a schoolmaster, and hope for children: and your something begins to wear a civilised look with it. Just as you make a pudding; you have plums, and suet, and treacle, and flour; you have got together a parson, a clerk, a beadle, a town-crier; it won't hold—all this little globe that you have been kneading will melt away into a mash without the Grocer; he is the strongest of all common ties—a social pudding-cloth. Unless you place a Grocer's shop in the high street, just as you have placed a cross on the steeple, you will have a deserted village. Bread, meat, tailors, shoes, clergymen, government, and their like, may come or go by post or by coach: but a Grocer must be there, must stay there, the first up, and the last a-bed: his shop perpetually open, to gossip in, to higgie in, to talk in; without him there would be none of the luxuries of modern society, unknown to the ancients, as were tea, brandy, tobacco, and sugar. For every want the Grocer will supply you with a triple satisfaction: he has tea, coffee, and chocolate, the beginning and end of all breakfasts: wax, tallow, and oil, the source of all lights: salt, pepper, and nutmeg, which are the rhetoric of the kitchen; sugar, syrups, and jams, that sweeten the cup of our existence; cheese, almonds, and raisins, without which what man could get his desert! But why carry further the grocerian trilogies!—they embrace all the wants of life—is not the man himself a trilogy!—he is a jurymen, an elector, a national guard. I don't know whether those who swear at him have under their left breasts a lump of stone; but, for my part, I never can look at his jar of marbles without thinking of the part he played in my youth. Ah! what a place does that man occupy in the hearts of little rogues to whom he sells tops, kite-strings, stick-liquorice, and barley sugar! He tracks our whole existence, this man!—he has a taper in his drawer to shine at your funeral, and a tear in his eye for your memory. He sells pens and ink to poets, colours to painters, and paste to every body. If a gambler has lost everything, the Grocer will sell him shot, powder, and poison; if he would win back his losses, our friend will sell him cards. Is your cousin Mary coming to tea with you!—you can't entertain her without the Grocer's aid: does she stain her dress!—who sells starch, soap, and soda, but the Grocer! If, on some sleepless night, you cry for light, lo! at hand is the Grocer's phosphorus box: if you trip it on light fantastic toe, look down—you see his blacking on your pumps. He has cognac for soldiers, and eau de Cologne for ladies: to the old pensioner he sells the eternal snuff, performing its incessant circulation through snuff-box, nose, and handkerchief, making the nose of an inveterate snuff-taker as much an emblem of infinity as the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

The Grocer sells drugs that will cause your death, and substances which will bring you to life. He has sold himself to the public, as a witch to Satan, and is of our social state the end and beginning. Not a step nor league; not a crime nor a good action; not a day's work, nor a day's pleasure; not a mistress nor a friend, can be moved, done, passed, or helped, without the Grocer. He is Civilisation behind a counter. Society in whitened-brown paper, Necessity armed from head to feet,—Life itself distributed into drawers, boxes, and canisters. We have heard some one prefer a Grocer's patronage to that of a king; for a king kills, a Grocer gives life. Be abandoned by everybody,—by your creditors, and even your mother; if you have a Grocer for a friend, you will live in his house as jolly as a mouse in a cheese.

By what fatality then has this pivot of society, this tranquil instance of practical philosophy, this perpetual industry,—by what fatality has the Grocer been pitched on to stand as the type of stupidity! What virtues does he not possess!—he possesses all, all. Have you ever seen the National Guard turn out, to welcome the illustrious living, to follow the illustrious dead—to the tomb or to the palace!—who are those who march! Long, glorious, waving lines of Grocers. As for their constancy, it is fabulous; there is not one of these men but cheerfully cuts off his ears daily with his shirt collars: there is not one of them but gaily goes through, from day to day, the same series of jokes with his customers. To see the sympathy with which he takes the last twopence from the widow or the orphan, is enough to break your heart;—to see his modesty in the presence of his betters, is enough to make one proud of human nature!

Suppose that the Grocers refuse any longer to become peers of France or deputies; suppose they decline to illuminate on public days; to give directions to bewildered wanderers, coppers to beggars, and a glass of wine to the woman who has been taken ill at the corner of the street, (even without knowing her character). Suppose the Grocer left off reading the *Constitutionnel*; suppose he made a joke of the Legion d'honneur, and took to reading the books he purchased for waste paper, went abroad with the schoolmaster, vowed the National Guard was a humbug, pretended to love music, and to understand metaphysics: suppose he did all this—we should despise him; he would then deserve to be the butt of

* The French Grocer (*Epicier*), is not exactly the counterpart of the English Grocer: he combines what is here called the "oil and Italian business" with the grocer's and tallowchandler's.

There are a few allusions in this witty diatribe of M. de Balzac, which are not quite intelligible to the English reader; but the following passage from No. 4 of the London Review, 1836, will explain, in few words, the most prominent points of the satire:—

"Since the Restoration, the Grocer has become the type of a class of men very widely diffused in France. There are coarse and narrow understandings which have neither the creed and feelings of the past, nor those of the future, and which maintain a fixed middle point amid the movement of ideas; this is what we call *l'Esprit Epicier*, applied to literature, to the arts, to the mode of living, and manifesting itself in manner, style, and taste, by something obsolete, vulgar, and awkward, tinged with the ridiculous; this spirit has created what we call *le Genre Epicier*." The *Constitutionnel* represents the opinions of this class.—ED.

caricaturists, the object of satire, the wretched puppet of the hour. But he does none of these things. Look at him, oh! my fellow-countrymen; and what do you see in him? a man for the most part short, commonly punchy, ordinarily with a considerable stomach—a good father, husband, master.

Stop at the word master. If there be happiness in the world, the Grocer's boy represents it. A little Grocer's boy hath a red face and a blue apron, and beyond this, nothing. His joy is to dawdle on the shop-step, and egle she-passers in the street. He jokes with customers, he admires his mistress, he is happy with a ticket to the play: his master he considers to be a mighty man, and longs for the day when he, like Mr. Grocer, shall shave his chin in the round looking-glass, and like him, shall have a wife to air his shirts and neckcloth, and lay out his pantaloons. To turn shepherd and live in Arcadia, as Poussin would have it, is a mere joke. The Grocer's happiness is one of the most enviable of the world.

Rogues of the pen and pencil, who sneer at Genius and Grocers alike, let us admit that a certain little round belly *does* distinguish the latter, and may give occasion to a little satire. Yes, truly, it must be admitted, that at reviews, when the National Guards present arms, the Grocers present likewise a stomachic bulge, which perhaps deranges the symmetry of the line. Of this waviness we have heard puffy colonels bitterly complain. But who ever heard of a thin or a pale Grocer? Such a man would be dishonoured. Would you have a Grocer passionate or romantic? No: they have, once for all—bellies. Louis XVIII. had one—Napoleon had one. Here are two noble instances: quarrel not with the Grocer for his. Consider how much more readily he will open his books to you than your friends will their purses, and pardon him this defect, if it be one; if Grocers were not subject to become bankrupts, they would be the types of the good, the useful, and the beautiful.

They have a fault, perhaps, in the eyes of delicate persons;—they *will* love a small country house ten miles from Paris, with 20 perches of garden: they *will* have yellow calico window-curtains and carved plush-bottomed chairs. Their diamond shirt pins too, and the wedding rings which they wear, are perhaps ridiculous: but pray remember, the one betokens a man of property, whilst the other signifies marriage, and no one ever thought of a Grocer yet without a wife. Even she, poor thing, has been dragged down into our satirical hell. They say, that since the Revolution the Grocer's wife gives herself airs, and wants to go to court. And why not? What woman, seated all day at a counter, has not sometimes a longing to leave it? Why should not citizens gather round citizen kings? And whither should virtue betake itself but to the neighbourhood of the throne? We say virtue,—for the Grocer's wife is virtuous. Rarely does conjugal unfaithfulness afflict him. His lady has neither will to betray him, nor occasion: betwixt the counter and him her hours are passed, and her love for both is so absorbing, that her flesh disappears, as you will have remarked—her soul wears away her body, and Grocer's wives are universally thin. Just take a cab, and, driving through all Paris, look at these ladies; they are all meagre, pale, yellow, weakened. Medicine has opined, that from colonial produce rise certain noxious exhalations, which cause this wasting of the frame. Pathology has hinted, that long sessions at the counter, perpetual watchfulness, chattering, and movement of the arms, are hurtful; and street-doors eternally wide open, occasion cold and elicit redness of the nose. However this may be, true it is, that the Grocer's lady is faithful, and that nowhere is Hymen more honoured than by those of her class.

A Grocer, wherever you may chance to meet him, never says bluntly and coarsely "my wife," *ma femme*,—he speaks of her as "my good lady," *mon épouse*. "My wife," is a vile, coarse, crude, vulgar, slip-slop, low-life term, and changes a divine creature at once into a common thing. Savages have wives: civilized beings have their spouses, "épouses," or good ladies. When, therefore, the Grocer goes abroad with his partner, you may see in his port the consideration with which he regards her, and as such a respect is unusual, the caricaturists never fail to be at his heels. He seems so happy to quit his shop; his lady so seldom makes what we call a toilette; her clothes are so stiff, and stick out so, that a Grocer, ornamented with his wife, occupies more room on the public way than any other couple. He has taken off his cap and his round jacket, and you would scarcely know him from any common individual, but for the words "ma bonne amie," which, in explaining the alterations in the town, he addresses to his lady, who stirs out so seldom, as not to know the new improvements of the capital. Sometimes, of holidays, he even ventures on a country excursion, on which occasion he seats himself in the most dusty part of the woods of Auteuil or Vincennes, and swears by the freshness of the air. There, as every where, do you know him under all disguises, by the peculiarity of his phraseology and his opinions. You are going by the coach to Melun, or Orleans: you find yourself opposite a decent man, who examines you with a suspicious air, and you lose yourself in conjecture regarding this silent individual. Is he a lawyer? Is he a Peer of France? What is he? A lady begins to speak; she is ill—not yet recovered, she says, from the cholera. The conversation is begun; the Unknown opens his mouth to speak, and says—

"Monsieu"—you know him at once: it is the Grocer. A Grocer does not say *Monsieur*, which is affected: nor *Msieu*, which is infinitely contemptuous—*Mosieu* is the very term: it is between respect and protection, expresses consideration, and gives to the sentence a pleasant, melodious twang. "Mosieu," says he, "during the cholera, the three great doctors of Paris, Dupuytren, Broussais, and Mosieu Majendie, treated their patients with different remedies; almost all died. They did not know what the cholera was, Sir;—the cholera, Sir, is a disease of which people die. That was a bad time, Sir, for trade, the time of the cholera,—a bad time, Sir."

You then try him upon politics. His politics are simply these; "Mosieu—these ministers don't seem to know what they are about. There's no use in changing them—it's always the same thing. It was only under the Emperor that they did their business: but then, what a man, Sir! What a loss had France in losing him, Sir! To think of their not standing by him!"

You will then discover that the Grocer's religious opinions are extremely reprehensible. For him, Beranger's Songs are as Holy Writ. Yes, these detestable "refrains," adulterated with politics, have done mischief which will long be felt by Grocery. A hundred years will, perhaps, elapse before a Grocer of Paris (those in the country are less possessed by the spirit of song) enters Paradise.

If the journey were a short one, and the Grocer did not speak,—a rare case,—you would recognize him by the manner in which he blew his nose. He puts one corner of his handkerchief between his teeth, holds it up by the middle like a pair of scales, takes a magisterial grasp of his nose, and winds such a flourish as would make a key-bugle jealous.

Some of those people who have a mania for diving into every thing, have discovered one great disadvantage in the Grocer. He retires, they say. When he has retired, no soul can find any use in him. What does he do? What becomes of him? His distinctive marks disappear, and we are interested in him no more. You never hear of a Grocer's son, as his defenders proudly assert, becoming a painter or a journalist; he is either a notary or an attorney, and thus the father Grocer is authorized to say, "I have paid my debt to my country."

Should he have no son, the Grocer has a successor in whose fate he takes an interest; he encourages him; he comes daily to examine the amount of sales, or his books, and to compare them with the sales of his time. He advances him money, and, by the thread of discount, still hangs on to Grocery. Who does not know that touching anecdote of which a Grocer is the hero?

One of the old school, who, thirty years long, had breathed the thousand odours of his own floor,—had descended the stream of life in company with myriads of herrings, and floated down cheek by jowl with an infinity of cods,—had swept away the periodical mud of a hundred early customers, and handled a store of good large greasy coppers; one of these Grocers, finding himself rich beyond his desires, having buried his wife snugly, and having the receipts of the cemetery-company filed and docketed regularly among his family papers, sold his business, and was free. The first day he walked about Paris like a gentleman; looked at the people playing dominoes in the cafes, and even went to the play. But he was uncomfortable: he prowled about the Grocers' shops, and listened to the braying of the pestle in the mortar; and in spite of himself, when he saw a Grocer standing at his shop door and taking the air, he said in his heart, "Thou wast once like *him*."

Overcome by the magnetism of Grocery, he went to visit his successor. All things went well, and our friend returned home with a heavy heart. "I'm all over something," said he to the Doctor in consulting him; and the Doctor ordered him to travel, without positively mentioning Switzerland or Italy. He did travel: after several long journeys to Saint Germain, to Montmorency, to Vincennes, the poor Grocer, falling away daily, could hold no more, but returned to his shop as the dove to his nest, repeating his famous proverb, "I am like the ivy, I die where I attach myself."

He got leave from his successor to make paper bags in the corner, and occasionally to replace him at the counter. That eye, which had become like the orb of a boiled cod, is now once more lighted again with gleams of pleasure. Of an evening, you may see him at the coffee-house at the corner, where he mourns the present decaying state of the Grocers! Quackery, he says, has penetrated even amongst them; and what the deuce do they want with these fine machines for grinding chocolate!

Many Grocers, the cleverest among them, when retired into the country, become mayors of small villages, and thus cast over the country the graces of Parisian civilisation. There they begin the first volume of the Rousseau or Voltaire they have bought, but never live to read beyond page 18 of the preface. Always useful to their country, they are always active; they repair the village-pump, or they cut down the curate's perquisites, and thus check the monstrous aggressions of the priesthood; or they get up petitions against capital punishments and negro slavery; or they write to the Constitutionnel to explain their views, and look out vainly for an answer.

I have but one fault to find with Grocers;—there are too many of them. The Grocer himself will allow it. He is too common. Moralists who have made observations on the Grocer when out of the latitude of Paris, pretend also to discover some change in his distinguishing qualities when he turns landed proprietor, and quits trade. The Ex-Grocer becomes slightly ferocious, sends lawyer's letters, issues writs, and puts in seizures, may be: but let it pass.

Examine mankind and their different species: study their peculiarities; and tell us, in this vale of tears, what is complete? Deal mildly with Grocers; even if they were perfect, what would become of us? we should be compelled to adore them,—to mount them on that throne of which they are at present the stout conservatives. For mercy's sake, then, O ye gigglers to whom this memoir is addressed, be gentle with these interesting bipeds, and torment them no more. Have you not enough to do with politics, and new plays, and new books?

THE CORSAIR;

A GAZETTE OF LITERATURE, ART, DRAMATIC CRITICISM, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS & T. O. PORTER.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Editors do not contemplate establishing permanent agencies, preferring to risk the few casualties of the mail, and they invite their friends to address them directly through this medium. But they will allow a commission of 20 per cent, to those agents or canvassers, who transmit, with the name and residence of the subscriber, the amount of one year's subscription, deducting the commission.

A few copies of the back numbers from the commencement may be obtained by a early application at the Publication Office for the same.

Great care is taken to forward the CORSAIR strongly enveloped, and legibly directed, by the earliest mails throughout the Union.

The Publication Office is in the basement of the ASTOR HOUSE, on Barclay Street, a few doors from Broadway.

E. L. GARVIN, PRINTER.